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A MAID'S CONFESSION.

By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me—
In the tall wet grass with its faint perfume—
And I tried to pass, but he made no room;
Oh, I tried, but he would not let me!
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand and whispering said
(How the clover lifted each sweet pink head
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh! the clover in bloom—I love it!)

In the high wet grass went the path to hide,
And the low, wet leaves hung over;
But I could not pass upon either side,
For I found myself, when I vainly tried,
In the arms of my steadfast lover;
And he held me there, and he raised my head,
And he looked down into my eyes and said—
(How the leaves beat down from the boughs o'erhead
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh, the leaves hanging lowly over!)

And he moved aside a little way—
I could surely then have passed him,
And would not have heard what he had to say
Could I only aside have cast him.
It was almost dark and the moments sped,
And the searching night wind round us,
But he drew me nearer, and softly said—
(How the pure sweet wind grew still instead
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh, the whispering wind around us!)

I am sure he knew, when he held me fast,
That I must be all unwilling;
For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
As the night was come with its dew at last,
And the sky with stars was filling;
But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
And he made me hear his story;
And his soul came out from his lips and said—
(How the stars crept where the white moon led,
To listen to all that my lover said—
Oh, the moon and the stars in glory!)

I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
Will carry his secret so safely and well
That no human being shall ever discover
One word of the many that rapidly fell
From the eager lips of my lover;
Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
They wove round about us that night in the dell,
In the path through the dew-laden clover;
Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
As they fell from the lips of my lover.

ERCELDEAN,

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

"But Beatrix, there is also the record of many noble deeds, or many brave actions."

"They are dotted about like bright stars on a dark night. Mamma, I never love the quietness and the solitude of Loch Narn so well as when I have been studying history."

"But, Beatrix," said Lady Lennox, now really alarmed, "if you go on in this way, you will be a misanthrope."

Beatrix gave vent to the sweet sunny laughter that had never been curbed.

"Is that so very terrible?" she asked.

"Yes, very terrible. You must not forget that the great command is for us to love one another. Now, Beatrix, what does that strange look mean?"

"I was only thinking, mamma, what a sad thing it is, as the command is so stringent, that we are not better worth loving."

"Beatrix, my darling, you must not talk so—you must not even think so; it is unnatural. Youth is the time for hope and trust, for faith and love. Tell me have you found no here in the pages of history?"

"Yes," she replied—"I like Richard of the Lion heart; I like Bayard and some of the Crusaders; I like Savonarola, who saved beautiful Florence; I like Robert Bruce, and many others. I like the King of the Round table—King Arthur—the best."

"He is an imaginary king," commented Lady Lennox.

"I was afraid," said Beatrix, "that he was too good to be real. Seriously, mamma, I do not deny that there are good men, great men, and heroes. When I meet them, I shall like them."

"Human nature must always be faulty," remarked Lady Lennox, growing rather alarmed at the result of her own teaching. "I wish, my darling, you could go away from here, and acquire juster views of men."

"I never wish to leave here," was the reply. "It seems to me, mamma, that I have found the true philosopher's stone. I am content."

"It may seem a wrong thing to say, Beatrix, yet I should be better pleased if you were less content. I should like you to long more for the world. It would be more natural at your age."

"And I," declared Beatrix, "rejoice that I can find a world here. Margaret's long face means that dinner is growing cold, mamma. Now I am going to wait on you and attend to you; we have all kinds of delicacies. I should like to see what you call a dinner *a la Russe*; but I think I should not enjoy it so much as this."

Lady Lennox sighed as she looked round her and thought of the *recherche* repasts, the grand banquets, the costly wines and rare fruits that she had been accustomed to. She was growing tired of salmon and wild duck. But Beatrix made no demur; the simple homely meal cooked in homely fashion was a banquet to her. She waited upon her mother, devoting herself to her and cheering her with her chatter. Lady Lennox forgot her troubles, and said to herself that after all in the love of her beautiful daughter she was richer than most people.

CHAPTER V.

"Beatrix," said Lady Lennox a few days later on, "your dress is very much worn—you must have another."

"Why must I, mamma?"

"My dear child, I do not like to see you so badly dressed. You must indeed have another, but how we are to buy one I do not know."

"You have no money, mamma," she said calmly, as though that were quite an unimportant every day kind of matter.

"No, none—that is, only just enough to carry me on until quarter-day. I do not see where the dress is to come from, but you cannot wear that tartan plaid any more."

"I know where there are several dresses," said Beatrix; "Margaret and I found them last week, but she told me not to tell you, lest the sight of them should distress you by bringing back old memories. You know the round turret? There was once upon a time a large bed-room in it. In this bed-room stood an old-fashioned oak en wardrobe that years ago was thrown upon its face. No one ever cared to raise it; but I was looking amongst the *debris* for books, and I saw it lying there, and lifted it, and there were such lovely strange looking materials in it. Margaret says they are old fashioned brocades, cloth of silver and cloth of gold. If you wish me to have a dress, let it be one of these."

Lady Lennox looked up with sudden animation.

"Why, Beatrix, that must be my aunt's wardrobe! I was told that she had left it to me, but I never thought of it. My aunt was a courtly dame, and her dresses, although old-fashioned, would be valuable."

"You shall soon see them," said Beatrix, hastening from the room.

She returned quickly, her arms laden with treasures—silks, satins, laces, and brocades.

"See, mamma," she cried, "here is finery enough! But how damp it is! Would any one believe that we had lived twelve years in this old Grange without finding these?"

Lady Lennox turned over the costly heap. She selected one of the dresses—a brocade on blue ground with white flowers embroidered on it.

"Beatrix," she said, "I should like to see you in this—just once to see you dressed in a way becoming to Prince Charlie's daughter."

Beatrix took the dress from her mother's hands and quitted the room with it. She was absent some little time; when she returned, Lady Lennox uttered a cry of admiration that was also pain. Never had she beheld so lovely a vision.

"Margaret says I am a Court lady, mamma," said Beatrix, blushing at her own loveliness. The train of rich brocade swept the ground; the shapely white neck and shoulders, the lovely arms, the column-like throat, the lustrous hair, all seemed to have acquired fresh loveliness. Beatrix made a magnificent curtsey.

"My darling," said Lady Lennox, "now you look like Prince Charlie's daughter."

"So I did before, mamma," she replied, not liking to see her mother's quivering lips and tearful eyes. "Dress matters but little after all."

"You ought to be always well dressed, Beatrix," said Lady Lennox, "you are so beautiful. Now we will take some of the most sober-looking of these dresses and make them fit for modern wear."

"I may say *addio* then to my tartan plaid," remarked Beatrix. "Ah, mamma, believe me, if I were to be crowned a queen—if I were to be one of the greatest ladies in Europe—there never would be nor could be a dress that I should love as much as I do this tartan plaid? I have grown up in it," she added, with that irresistible love of the comic which had at times distinguished her father.

So from that day the marvellous beauty of Beatrix Lennox was enhanced by the superb dresses of a past generation. She looked so bright, so flower-like, that Lady Lennox became more wretched than ever. "Prince Charlie's" daughter ought not to waste her life in this desert.

Time had passed very slowly with Lady Lennox. As she said herself, she had been almost mad with wounded pride and wounded love. Of the many whom her generous, careless, reckless husband had befriended, there was not one who came near her in the hour of her distress and desolation. Those to whom he had lent and those to whom he had given money prudently held aloof lest the same should be expected of them. No wonder that she spoke bitterly and angrily—that she lost faith in her kind. She had a bitter lesson to learn, and she was long in learning it. She wrote many letters to those who had called themselves "Prince Charlie's" friends. She received few replies. Most of these contained homilies to the effect that she might have always expected what had happened. In the hour of her desolation and despair there was not one hand stretched out to help her—not one kindly voice bade her God-speed—not one heart warmed to her and her fatherless child. No wonder that she grew hard and bitter—that she said cruel things of her fellow-creatures; and her little daughter Beatrix, catching her spirit, went still farther.

The child had some strange idea that the world had killed her father—that the cruelty of men had slain him—an idea that Lady Lennox could never quite drive from her mind. There were days and nights after Lady Lennox had reached the Grange when, if she could not have revealed the bitterness and sorrow of her heart to Beatrix, she must have died. So the child had grown up with strange notions. It seemed to her that her mother and herself were against the world; that the world had robbed her father of his money, had slain him in the prime of his life, had turned her mother and herself from the home they loved and made them wretched. In the depths of her little passionate heart she hated it and the men of whom it was largely composed.

Time passed on, and no help came to Lady Lennox. She wrote to those who had been, she believed, her husband's truest friends; they all said the same thing—how sorry they were that at present they could do nothing to help her, that really Colonel Lennox had been very reckless, and that, if in the time to come they could be of any assistance, how pleased they should be.

"I should like to frame these letters," she said to herself with a bitter smile, "and put under them 'Human gratitude.'"

She wrote to the Duchess who had been proud enough to be the godmother of the supposed heiress of Erceldean. The Duchess answered kindly. She was really sorry for the troubles of Lady Lennox, but life and everything appertaining to it were very uncertain.

Later on, when Beatrix was growing older, and the mother's longing to send her daughter to a good school increased, Lady Lennox wrote to the Duchess again, but by that time all memory of "Prince Charlie" had grown dim—he had been dead some years—and it was too absurd, the Duchess said, that the maintenance of the child should fall upon her. She had no children of her own, and she did not see why she was to be troubled with other people's. This time she did not condescend to reply to the letter herself; it was her companion who answered it, saying that the Duchess had so many claims upon her time and attention that she must decline doing anything for Miss Lennox.

With the lapse of years Lady Lennox grew hopeless; she had lost her faith in friendship; she had nothing left to live for except her daughter; and the beauty, the talent, the grace and genius of that beloved daughter were all so many additional sources of trouble to her.

It seemed so cruel that her gifted girl should grow up in obscurity—should live unknown, unloved—she whose rare beauty would have lighted up and graced a palace.

"I can bear it as regards myself," she would cry, with passionate tears, "but I cannot bear it as regards her, my darling child."

She would have cheerfully laid down her life to have seen her daughter restored to something like her right position in society. She thought of every possible plan; but she could see no way of helping herself, and the conviction that her daughter's fate, like her own, was settled preyed upon her and made her more miserable day after day.

She had another source of anxiety—she was alarmed to see the deep hold that her sayings and opinions had taken of the mind of her child. She had spoken recklessly, carelessly, bitterly, never dreaming that her words would bear such abundant fruit. She was frightened at the result of her own training. Beatrix seemed to imagine that she and her mother, shut up in the old Grange at Strathnarn, were at war with all the rest of the world; and the mother began to wonder how she should undo what she had done. Yet, in spite of her anxiety, there were times when she could have laughed at the horror in which Beatrix held the world of men. To do away with it, she advised her to read history, anything that should exalt her opinion of men in general. Beatrix Lennox had never wasted a thought in love or lovers. If any one had suggested marriage to her, she would have recoiled in horror. She was as unlike other girls as a gorgeous passion-flower is unlike a wild hyacinth. Lady Lennox was very unhappy about her. Was it always to be the same? she asked herself. Would they ever be situated as they were? Beatrix was seventeen now, and more lovely than she remembered to have seen any one. She had all the fatal Lennox beauty. Was she to live at Strathnarn until the bright eyes grew dim and the lustrous hair gray? "Heaven forbid! Anything would be better than that," said Lady Lennox.

Time had to prove to her what "anything" was like.

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Lennox was fast sinking into the apathy of despair. Not from any quarter did she see the least gleam of hope. Events succeeded each other so quickly. Since "Prince Charlie" had lived and died how many generous and noble men had been popular, had been buried and forgotten! To any of her own relatives it was not of the least use to appeal. Her parents were dead; her brother, who had succeeded her father, was dead; the cousin who was now Lord Graeme had long since refused to assist her, saying that he was so poor he required help himself; uncles, cousins, she had none. The hapless lady sighed; each review of her "friends" seemed more hopeless than the last.

A kind of listless despair took possession of her. It was twelve years since she had come to the solitary ruined old Grange. Any refuge had been welcome to her then. She had not dreamed of the long, silent, monotonous years to be spent at Strathnarn. It had seemed to her like an asylum to which she could retire for a short time until her friends rallied round her—and those whom "Prince Charlie" had helped and befriended would surely in their turn help her. The long years had passed, but that help had never come; summer suns had risen and set, harvest-moons had shone on the purple heather and the black tarns, spring and winter had come round in their course, the planets had completed their circle, the snow and the flowers had come and had gone, the tides had ebbed and flowed, all nature had changed, great kingdoms had been revolutionised, kings were dead—yet no change had come to Strathnarn Grange.

Lady Lennox had devoted herself to the education of her daughter; but for that she would long since have died. Her occupation interested her, kept her alive—for Beatrix was wonderfully gifted, and willingly learned all that her mother could teach. Lady Lennox spoke French and Italian well; Beatrix soon surpassed her. They had indulged in one great extravagance—Lady Lennox had sent to Edinburgh for a piano and a large box of books such as she had deemed necessary for her daughter's education. Half a year's income had gone in the purchase of these luxuries, but mother and daughter lived cheerfully on a meagre diet.

That piano was worth its weight in gold to them. There was an old harp at the Grange, one that had been used long years before, and Beatrix was soon mistress of it. She could play and sing; she had a voice that was clear, sweet, and full of harmony. She had mastered the contents of the books, and they in great measure influenced her life. She was well versed in history; she could repeat whole pages of Shakspeare and Milton. She had read all the old Border legends—all the wild stirring romances of Scottish history; she knew the history of the Lennox family from first to last. She had a wonderful store of fine old Border songs; in her ballads and stories the men were all martial heroes, brave and strong, full of faith and honor—honor that she almost believed had died with the chivalry that was dead.

It was one of the strangest lives, one of the quietest, most monotonous, dreariest, to Lady Lennox. Beatrix, having known no other, filled it with interests of her own. She loved the flowers, the mountains, the broad moorlands, the shining lochs, the silent tarns, the leaping torrents. She knew every tree and every hill around; they were like old friends to her, they filled her with keen interest. Lady Lennox saw only the dull uniformity of the surrounding scenery: Beatrix never found it twice alike. She saw endless variety, endless beauty. It might have been different had she known any other life before she came to the Grange. But, while she was bright, happy, and amused, Lady Lennox drooped daily and hourly. It was so terrible to her, this long exile. There were whole weeks in the winter months when they could not leave the house—when the snow lay over everything and formed a great rampart against the doors. Then Lady Lennox would stand and look out with despairing eyes at the white landscape.

"I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!"

were words ever on her lips. It was living death to her. They never saw a human face, nor heard a sound of a voice except their own.

It was true the pastor of Ersedale went at intervals to see them; they could not attend Ersedale church—it was too far to walk, and they could not ride or drive. They looked forward to these visits as the only break in the monotony of their lives. But there was nothing very interesting about Doctor Stewart. He talked about the lochs and the mountains, the fish, and the prospects of the grouse, concluding his visits with a well-selected chapter and a long extemporaneous prayer. Lady Lennox always followed him to the door with tears in her eyes, while her proud young daughter looked after him with a dreary musing gaze, her rebellious thoughts running in this strain—

"So that is one of the men mamma talks about as being of superior judgment and intellect! I do not think much of him. Mamma herself is twice as clever, twice as wise. I should not care to see or hear many such. Of course, as Margaret says, I am wicked and wrong; but I feel more inclined to laugh at the Doctor than to learn from him. That short, stout little gentleman would never have stood like Horatius at the bridge. I wonder if it will ever be my lot to meet a man who could do what Horatius did—who shall come up to my idea of what is brave, great, noble, and good? If I do, I shall honor him."

From that time she formed a kind of an ideal for herself—a hero who combined in himself the bravery of Horatius, the purity of King Arthur, the chivalry of Bayard, the courage of the Lion Heart—a hero whose eyes looked out upon the world fearlessly; and she said to herself that if ever she met such a man she would do homage to him.

To Lady Lennox the days appeared to become longer and more wearisome. How she thirsted for the outer world—the world hidden behind the chain of hills! How she longed for the sight of human faces, the sound of of human voices! She looked at herself one day in the cracked old mirror above the mantlepiece.

"I was a pretty woman once," she said, "and twelve years of life have been spent in this place—for twelve years I have been like one buried alive. And now I have lost all hope—all that was left of my beauty, my youth, my love of life, is gone. Oh, Heaven," she cried, with a sudden burst of tears, "have pity on me' and deliver me from this living death!"

In the midst of the brilliant summer sunshine came a week of incessant rain, leaden skies, heavy lowering clouds. In her healthy, hearty fashion Beatrix enjoyed it; rain never depressed her, never kept her indoors. Lady Lennox, with the deadly deepening of despair, watched the heavy downpour and sighed in vain for release.

"I am like one in bondage," she said to herself—"when morning comes I long for night; when night comes I long for morning. All time has grown wearisome to me; but for Beatrix I would lie down and never rise again."

It was the seventh day of rain. The heads of the great hills were hidden by mist—clinging vapory mist; the very color of the heather and the gorse seemed to have been washed away; the trees were all dripping; the wall of the Grange seemed to be affected by the damp and the moisture. Lady Lennox looked around her in despair.

"Where is Miss Lennox?" she asked Margaret, whose temper was severely tried by the long rains.

The answer was that Miss Lennox, wrapped up in her plaid, had gone down to the lake; "and," added Margaret, "why she has not caught her death of cold long since I cannot imagine."

Lady Lennox turned away wearily. Drip, drip, from the ivied tower and from the tall trees—drip, drip, on the window-sills and against the doors! Even the wood-fire burning on the hearth hissed and spluttered as the heavy rain-drops descended the wide chimney. It was all so dreary, so desolate, so wretched—could it be possible that beyond the mountains lay a bright, sunshiny, happy world where men and women laughed and sang?

She went to the window and watched the rain beating on the broken sundial and on the ruined fountain. How desolate and sad it all was, how unutterably wretched! She raised her eyes to the gray clouds beyond which lay the bright blue heavens.

"Oh, Charlie," she moaned, "how could you leave me all alone? Let me come to you, for I am sick at heart and tired!"

A strange darkness fell over her eyes, a strange numbness crept over her limbs. She cried out in alarm, but there was no one to hear her; and then Lady Lennox fell, for the first time in her life, into a deep swoon.

How long she had lain there no one knew. Margaret, on going into the room, found her, and for some time believed her to be dead. The faithful servant wept over the unhappy lady. She raised her and brushed back the soft hair from the white face. There was no fragrant water, no strong essence to bring Lady Lennox back to consciousness. Margaret held her until her eyes unclosed.

"I am glad," said the sturdy servant, "that Miss Lennox was not here to see this; she would be frightened out of her senses. Now, my lady," she continued, "you must listen to me. This will not do. You are dying for want of what is needful. You must give me some money, my lady, and let me go to Ersedale for a bottle of wine."

"I cannot," replied Lady Lennox—"I have nothing to spare, Margaret."

"It must be spared," the honest domestic told her. "Heaven is very good, my lady—there will come a change before long, and for your daughter's sake you must live until then. Let me go for the wine when Miss Lennox comes back."

Beatrix was in a terrible state of alarm when she heard of her mother's illness.

"Certainly she must have the wine, Margaret—you are quite right. Go at once and get it; I will remain with mamma. Ah, now I see the value of money; the world is nothing without it!"

None of them guessed upon the purchase of that bottle of wine the whole of their future would turn.

CHAPTER VII.

A day later the rain had ceased, the skies were clear, the mist had gone from the hills, the sun shone out in golden splendor; the rich scent of the heather filled the air, and the birds had ventured out again. Lady Lennox felt better. The wine had done her good; she sighed as she took it, remembering her husband's hospitality, and how little he ever dreamed that his cherished, beloved wife would come to such absolute want. Margaret Macpherson had carried the wine with the greatest of care. The bottle had been wrapped in a newspaper; and, as Lady Lennox lay on the hard little couch, her eyes fell upon the printed sheet.

A newspaper at the Grange was a novelty, a rarity, a treasure of great worth. Lady Lennox never purchased one; but, if by accident one came wrapped round a parcel, every word of it was read. It did not matter how old it was or what news it contained, it was always a novelty to her. Lady Lennox took this one in her hand—it was a copy of the *Times*.

"This will be a treat," she thought as she opened it carefully.

It was but one month old. For the first time for many months Lady Lennox read of Prussia and France, Holland and Belgium, read of the Queen and the Royal Family, of the marriage of some whose names she knew and of the death of others. She read one or two trials at law which interested her; and then she glanced at the advertisements.

Suddenly, with a little startled cry, Lady Lennox rose from her seat and went nearer to the window, as though the light would help her to understand. She read, re-read, and then sank back upon her chair, breathless with surprise and wonder. The words which had moved her so greatly were these—

"Information as to the whereabouts of Lady Lennox, widow of the late Colonel Lennox of Erceldean. The advertiser, having sought vainly both in England and Scotland for news of this lady, would be grateful to any one who could assist him in finding her."

Lady Lennox laid down the paper, and then took it up again. What could the advertisement mean? Who could possibly want her?

Of all "Prince Charlie's" friends there was not one who troubled himself or herself to write a line saying where she was! How many who read the *Times* knew her, and knew where she was! How many might have written and have given her address before now!

In one respect she misjudged them. Many of those who read the advertisement said to themselves that they knew where Lady Lennox was, but that it would not do to answer it, as in all probability it was inserted by some one to whom the late Colonel owed money. The same idea occured to Lady Lennox. Her eyes flashed with angry fire.

"Have they not impoverished me enough already?" she said. "What more can they want?"

She looked at the address; it was—"P. L., care of Messrs. Gunter and Smith, Solicitors, Temple, London."

She began to reflect that after all the advertisement might have been inserted with a view to something else beside her husband's debts—indeed it might have proceeded from some one anxious to repay that which her husband had lent or given—money enough perhaps to lessen the hardships she and her daughter were undergoing. Her heart beat so painfully at the thought that she could hardly bear it.

"I will answer the advertisement myself," she thought, "and say nothing to Beatrix about it, less there should be a great disappointment in store."

The letter she wrote was brief enough; it ran as follows—

"The wife and daughter of the late Colonel Lennox are living in the greatest of poverty at Strathnarn Grange, near Ersedale, in the north of Scotland. Lady Lennox, who writes this, will be pleased to hear from any friend."

She addressed it and sent Margaret to Ersedale to post it. She never mentioned the matter to Beatrix. Nothing, she knew by experience, is so painful as suspense. How she bore hers she could never in after years remember. She calculated the time that must elapse before the letter could be delivered and replied to; and then, when no answer came, she began to feel uneasy. On one pretext or another she sent Margaret every day to Ersedale, always telling her to inquire at the post-office, but there was no letter. Her ladyship sent a written order to the post-office that directly a letter reached there for her it was to be sent on at once to the Grange, no matter what the cost. But the days passed and no such letter came.

"Mamma," asked Beatrix one day, "why are you always looking out of the window? I am quite sure that you do not expect visitors. I can imagine the sensation that a visitor would make at Strathnarn. We have been here twelve years, mamma, and have never seen a visitor yet."

"You have forgotten Doctor Stewart," said Lady Lennox, whose eyes never quitted the old stone entrance with its wealth of scarlet flowers.

"Yes—I had forgotten him," assented Beatrix. "Now tell me, mamma, for whom or for what are you waiting?"

Lady Lennox could not keep back the faint flush that came over her face, and Beatrix laughed.

"There is a conspiracy, I believe. Do you expect a visitor, mamma?"

"No," replied Lady Lennox, "most certainly I do not." And Beatrix said no more.

Another day passed—no letter came; and the mistress of Strathnarn said to herself that she must have been the dupe of a cruel jest.

The blue and white brocade dress, with its superb flowers, was worn out now, and Beatrix had found another of violet and gold. It pleased her greatly.

"This dress reminds me of the sun shining on purple heartsease," she said to her mother, who smiled at the fancy.

When the dress was made to fit the slender girlish figure, Beatrix looked lovelier than ever. Lady Lennox gathered some purple heartsease and placed them in the lustrous hair.

"My darling," she cried, "you are so fair! Alas that your beauty should bloom here unseen!"

"It is seen by you, mamma," said the dauntless Beatrix. "I do not want any one else to see it. I am quite satisfied with your admiration."

"You may not be so always, Beatrix."

"Yes, I shall, mamma. I am quite sure of it. No one else cares for me, and never will. I shall live with you always—we will have no one else with us."

"You are just seventeen, Beatrix," said Lady Lennox.

"Yes, I am. What of that, mamma?"

"You will think differently at seven-and twenty."

"I do not fancy so, mamma. I want you to listen to this. I have written the words and composed the music."

Beatrix sat down to the piano; the sunlight fell on her fair proud face with its imperial tenderness, on the dress of purple and gold, on the heartsease that shone like stars amid the lustrous hair, on the graceful figure and delicate hands. She had just begun the first few bars of what seemed to be a very beautiful melody when the sound of a carriage driving up to the entrance was heard.

Lady Lennox grew pale as she listened. Was it—could it be the answer to her letter come at last?

"It is a carriage, Beatrix!" she exclaimed.

Beatrix, engrossed though she was in her music, left off to wonder at the unusual sound.

"A carriage!" she repeated. "Nay, mamma, believe me, it is only John March's cart come on the wrong day. Whose carriage would be likely to come here?"

Then both ladies sat quite silent, looking at each other in the greatest consternation. They heard the sound of a masculine voice—a deep rolling voice—talking to Margaret, and Margaret's trembling treble in reply.

"Beatrix," said Lady Lennox solemnly, "it is a man." She had grown pale even to her lips.

Beatrix laughed; she could not help it.

"One would think we had never seen a man! Mamma, who can it be?"

All conjecture was soon ended; in a state of great excitement Margaret opened the door.

"My lady," she cried, "such a thing has not happened these twelve years—a gentleman has come to see you!"

Early training stood Lady Lennox in good stead now; she controlled her excitement and spoke calmly.

"Show the gentleman in, Margaret. Has he sent no card?"

"Never a bit," replied Margaret.

"I have taken the liberty of following this good woman, who seems to have almost have lost her senses," said the same deep bass voice; and, looking up, Lady Lennox saw a tall, slight, elderly man with iron-gray whiskers and iron-gray hair, a hard, cold, determined looking man, yet with something in his face that made her heart beat wildly, she knew not why.

He stood at the door, bowing deferentially, yet with keen, shrewd, observant eyes that took in everything. That same instant, had he been questioned, he could have told the color of the ladies' hair and eyes, the color of their dresses; yet he seemed engrossed in themselves.

"Pray enter, sir," said Lady Lennox, with old fashioned grace and courtesy.

"This makes the third man I have seen, and I dont think much of any of them. Doctor Stewart is short and stout; this gentleman is tall and thin," thought Beatrix contemptuously.

The stranger advanced, hat in hand and bowing.

"I presume I have the honor of addressing Lady Lennox, widow of the late Colonel Lennox of Erceldean?" he said.

"The very words of the advertisement!" thought her ladyship, growing paler. She answered with quiet dignity—

"I am Lady Lennox, sir."

Then he looked at the beautiful girl in the radiant dress of purple and gold. He looked at the fair bewitching face, and a strange light shone in his eyes.

"It is a Lennox face," he said in a low voice—"a true Lennox face."

"This is my daughter," announced Lady Lennox, "my only child—Beatrix Lennox, who should have been heiress of Erceldean."

"Exactly. I am very happy to see you, Lady Lennox. When I tell you that I have been six months in looking for you, I wonder if you will guess who I am?"

"Six months!" questioned Beatrix.

"Yes," he replied. "Some one told me that you had gone abroad. I went to Germany after you, and there found a Mrs. Lennox who was quite a stranger to me. Can you guess who I am?"

"No," was the wondering response.

"Have you strong nerves?" he asked. "Are you giving to fainting, hysterics, or anything of that kind?"

"No," replied Beatrix sternly.

"So much the better—I know that I shall surprise you. I am Peter Lennox, who was believed long years ago to have been drowned—Peter the *gauche*, the awkward, the unlucky, the ne'er-do-well—Peter the disgrace to the family—Peter who was never cared for, except by his brother Charley. And now I am Peter Lennox the millionaire. Have you a welcome for me?"

Lady Lennox was the first to break the silence that fell upon the little group. She raised her colorless face to his.

"Are you quite sure," she said, "that there is no mistake? My husband always told me that his brother Peter was dead."

"I am alive enough," was the quick reply. "Tell me, madam—how did your husband speak of his brother—kindly or unkindly?"

"Kindly always," she answered; "but Peter was drowned at sea."

"Peter has more sense, madam. Other boys in his place might, and probably would, have been drowned; Peter knew how to help himself. Your husband told you perhaps how ugly and ungainly I was, quite unlike one of the graceful race of Lennox?"

Lady Lennox blushed, as though she did not care to say what might seem unkind. Peter Lennox laughed.

"You will not hurt me," he said. "The prick of a pin does not pain where even a sword-thrust fails to hurt. They did not love me at home—no one but Charlie; knowing they did not love me, the fact of their finding me awkward does not matter. Tell me—was not that what my brother said?"

"Yes," replied Lady Lennox, finding that she must answer.

"I thought so," he said, with a triumphant laugh. "Well, awkward and ungainly though I may have been, I saved myself where others perhaps more graceful were drowned. You may be quite sure that I am 'Prince Charlie's' brother, or I should not have sought you. Still, I will tell you in a few words how I was saved. When the *Ormolia* went down, most of those on board sank with her; I swam away from the vessel, and being a capital swimmer, contrived to keep up until I was rescued by an English ship outward bound. I went with that ship to China, and—well, I never cared to return home. No one cared for me at Erceldean, and I knew my money would be useful to Charlie." His voice faltered for one half-minute, and then he went on. "I let them all believe that I was dead. What could it matter? I should never see home or any of them again. Now, Lady Lennox, look at me and tell me—do you believe that I am your husband's brother?"

"I believe it, mamma," said the clear voice of Beatrix. "I can trace the Lennox features in the gentleman's face."

"Thank you," returned Peter Lennox. "That is the first compliment I have ever received on the score of personal beauty. Still the Lennox features are good."

"You have a trace of them," said frank Beatrix, "without the beauty."

Peter Lennox laughed, his sister-in-law looked alarmed.

"Tell me," he pursued, "do you believe my story, Lady Lennox? Do you believe that I am your husband's brother?"

Lady Lennox looked long and anxiously at him, and then in a low voice she said—

"I do believe it, and I bid you welcome home."

She held out her hands in greeting to him. He kissed them and seemed greatly pleased.

"Thank you. Those are the first words of welcome I have heard," he told her. "I am glad they have come from my sister. Now let me make friends with my niece." He held out his hands to Beatrix, who shyly gave him hers.

"You do not kiss me," he said—"yet I am your uncle."

"I have never kissed any one in my life except mamma," she replied quickly.

"Then it is quite time you began," said Peter Lennox, kissing the fair blushing face. "What have you to say to me, niece Beatrix?"

"I say, sir, 'Welcome home,'" answered the young girl, with such courteous graceful dignity that her uncle was entraptured.

"Thank you. We shall be great friends," he said kindly.

Beatrix thought to herself that it was next to impossible she could be a great friend of any man, even though it were her father's brother.

"And now," inquired Peter Lennox, "may I feel at home?" He looked up suddenly at Lady Lennox. "I have startled you," he said. "You tremble, you are quite pale. I am too abrupt—you must pardon me."

He led Lady Lennox to the little couch near the window and placed her on it.

"I can hardly believe my senses," she told him. "We have been so long deserted; and now it seems as though we had found a friend."

"I am a true friend," said her brother-in-law; "but we will talk of that afterwards. Do you know that thousands of miles away from bonnie Scotland I read of my brother's marriage to Alice Graeme, and that I have been longing to see you ever since? Now I find you very much what I imagined you to be. I am very rough, but I hope you will like me, Adie."

"I am quite sure I shall," she replied. "How could I help liking my husband's brother? But how strange that none of us should know that you were living, that you never cared to return home!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Marvels of Art in White Bronze.

The fact that modern science has tended to develop not only the useful but the beautiful in all art is apparent when we examine its wonderful application to the production in *basso relievo* of fine portraits—life size, by the use of white bronze as a material. Two most unique and perfect specimens of art have been shown us from the ware-rooms of Messrs. Paxson, Comfort & Co., in this city, one representing George Washington, and the other Pope Pius the Ninth. These specimens are most delicately chiseled, and have all the appearance of fine sculpture work, the details of expression, light and shade, and contour, and the rich silhouette being as nicely and as feelingly given as if touched with the sculptor's own chisel. The general effect of this *white bronze* work is that of the breadth and massiveness, as well as the minute modeling of the sculptor's finished study in clay, and it is even more than this, for it embodies in a material more durable, and more beautiful than even the marble itself, all the perfection which characterizes high art in this particular.

Not a line, a shade, or a tone is lost in the reproduction of a portrait by this method. There is none of the glare which too often renders marble *basso relievos* so unsatisfactory, and there is none of the trickery apparent which characterizes meretricious work in metal. In these portraits we have a complete and uniform expression of color, form and detail, and that æsthetic quality which proves beyond any words, that the work is the work of perfect art.

This white bronze is capable of being wrought into the choicest forms of design, and of supplanting all other methods through which plastic art seeks expression. It is, moreover, imperishable, cheap, serviceable, and its use will really tend to make true art popular among the masses. We do not intend to speak of the process which thus transforms the metallic compound into rare productions of beauty. We can but praise that process, extol and commend it to all as an invention of man which deserves the highest gratitude, for it enables the mass to enjoy reproductions of superb and alluring art works, which otherwise might have been hidden, and it awakens a sense almost akin to image worship when we see what transcendent beauty may be summoned by the power of the inventor, out of the hitherto inert metal.

This white bronze work, as we have said before, is imperishable—will not rust, corrupt or fade, and hence will be a favorite medium of artistic reproduction. And really we cannot speak too highly of the advantages which are to result from its use in the purely æsthetic arts. The portraits, both of Washington and Pope Pius Ninth, are admirable, and they suggest so much that is valuable not only to the art amateur, but also to the artist, that they must be seen to be appreciated.

THERE is nothing in this world that a man puts so high a value upon, or that he parts with so reluctantly, as the idea of his own consequence. Amid care, sickness, and misfortunes, amid dangers, disappointments and even death itself, he holds fast to this idea, yielding it up only with his last breath.

UNSELFISH people are always polite, because good manners are only the absence of selfishness. They are the doing unto others as we would wish to be done to us.

WE have more power than will, and it is often by way of excuse to ourselves that we fancy things impossible.

OUR LILY OF LOVE.

Our babe! Alas! she is no longer ours;
God sent His silent gardener one day
To cull a posy of earth's rarest flowers.
Moving at leisure 'mong love's bright bowers,
He paused to pluck our lily from her spray.

The tender petals closed around the fair
Sweet heart, all innocence and purity;
We saw her blossom droop, and pleaded,
"Spare!"
A soft voice, floating earthward through the air,
Breathed, "Be resigned; it is the Lord's decree!"

Mutely we knelt beside our flow'ret's bed,
Hand linked in fearful trouble, half inclined
To murmur at the mandate that had sped
With lightning swiftness through our hearts, and spread
Death's dearth o'er all. Anon we grew resigned;

Returned, because we know she was not lost;
Resigned, because we knew our bud of love
(When the dark boundary of death was crossed,
And God had wiped away the clinging frost)
Would bloom for aye in heaven's bowers above.

The days seem dull, however bright the sun;
And we are mournful now who erst were gay;
But we will hope until our lives are done,
That we in heaven may see our little one
Blossoming on a pure celestial spray.

A Curious Case.

Messrs. Maspre & Co.'s famous jewelry bazar in the Rue de la Paix is the most brilliant emporium of brilliants in Paris. They have *parures* there ranging in price from five thousand to over fifty thousand pounds. In fact, the establishment in the Rue de la Paix is the universal resort of opulent visitors to Paris who wish to purchase jewelry, from a simple ring or set of studs up to a complete *parure*.

So it was by no means an extraordinary occurrence, but simply in the customary run of the house's business, that on a fine morning in June, 1875, an elegant sumptuously-appointed chariot, drawn by four splendid grays, with coachman and two footmen in blue and silver to match, drew up at the grand portal of this resplendent palace of gems. The panels of the chariot had painted on them for armorial bearings a hand half closed clutching at a diadem, with the single word 'Prendo' for motto. The sole occupant of the carriage was a tall handsome gentleman, dressed with elegant simplicity.

The two footmen hastened to open the coach-door and let down the steps. The gentleman descended, and entered the emporium, where he was received with obsequious politeness by M. Joannot, the acting chief partner of the firm, and manager of the show and sale department, who saw at a glance that he had before him a fresh arrival in the gay city, obviously a man of substantial wealth. The gentleman asked to be shown some rings. He spoke with a strongly-marked English accent, but with perfect propriety and fluency of language, quite in keeping with his distinguished aristocratic air and manners. He proved himself at once one of those model customers in whom merchants delight, rapid in selection and decision, and disdaining all paltry attempts at cheapening, for in less than five minutes he had purchased a diamond-and-ruby ring for fifty pounds, paid for it with a Bank-of-England note, left the shop with a courteous half-bend of the head, and reentered his carriage, which immediately drove off in the direction of the Place Vendome.

The chariot had hardly proceeded some twenty yards on its way, and M. Joannot was still engaged in replacing the cards with the rings from which the purchase had been selected, when another aristocratic-looking stranger, dressed with scrupulous neatness in faultless black, hastily entered the place, and, addressing M. Joannot, asked, with some slight embarrassment, whether the gentleman who had left this moment had not perchance inadvertently omitted to pay for his purchases. The manager was just going to reply in the negative, when his eye, chancing to fall on one of the cards, detected the absence of a costly diamond ring. He felt considerably surprised. He briefly told his questioner that he missed a gem worth two thousand francs.

"I thought so," said the gentleman, who also spoke with a strong English accent; "My friend, Mr. Chester, is a little absent-minded occasionally. Will you kindly permit me to pay for the ring?" and he drew from his breast a bulky portfolio crammed with Bank-of-England notes, from which he selected a hundred pound one, and handed it over to the manager. Having received his change, he hurriedly left the place, and jumped into a tilbury, obviously waiting for him, in charge of a diminutive tiger, on the opposite side of the street, which at once drove off rapidly in the track of 'Mr. Chester's' carriage.

"Rather a queer go—very!" muttered the manager. "Absent-minded! 'Um, ha! Well, it matters not. People who can afford to pay for it may surely be permitted to indulge in absent-mindedness," he added, with a slight chuckle.

Some three or four day after, the new and aristocratic slightly absent-minded customer paid another visit to the emporium. M. Joannot, happening to glance accidentally over the way, just when 'Mr. Chester' was entering the place, saw the same tilbury with the same diminutive tiger and the same gentleman in black stopping on the opposite side.

"Mr. Chester" bought a small diamond cross this time, for which he paid eighty pounds in two thousand-franc notes. The manager watched him closely, but he did not see him touch any other article besides the one purchased by him. Yet when, after "Mr. Chester's" departure, his friend made his appearance and put his query in the same way as before, M. Joannot discovered to his intense amazement, that another valuable trinket was gone. "Mr. Chester's" friend paid at once cheerfully the amount demanded for the missing gem.

The same thing was repeated several times, until the amount of "Mr. Chester's" purchases, overt and covert, reached twelve hundred pounds, and "Mr. Chester's" friend had come to drop all preliminary inquiry, contenting himself with a simple "How much?" and unquestioningly handing over the sum demanded.

One day, when "Mr. Chester's" friend had just disbursed another cool hundred for another of the absent-minded man's covert purchases, a gentleman entered the emporium, and came up to the said friend, whose hand he most warmly shook, with manifestations of intense delight.

"My dear Sir Jonathan," he cried, in English, "This is an agreeable surprise, indeed. I saw your tilbury. Tim told me you were in here. What are you doing in this Tophet of perdition?"

"Ah, delighted to meet you once more, my dear prince," responded the gentleman addressed as Sir Jonathan. "How is her most charming highness, the Princess Olga? Is she with you?"

"No, worse luck. Monaco holds her still in its Armida's gambling garden. In the last two months she has dropped fifty thousand roubles. Well, she can afford it, and we all have our foibles. I am in treaty for the Hotel Guebriant, and, when everything is arranged, she will join me here for the season. But, let me repeat my question, what are you doing here, Sir Jonathan?"

"The unhappy old game, Prince. I am sorry to say, has brought me to Paris. Lord ———, my poor brother-in-law, has another fit upon him—you understand me—and I am here to guard against any untoward consequences."

"What a sad pity! Happily, with his and your unlimited wealth, it does not matter so much."

"True, one must make the best of it. Fortunately, he is much more reasonable now than he used to be. In London I had to pay forty thousand pounds once for a *parure*, which fetched only eighteen thousand when sold by us afterwards. There were twenty-two thousand clean gone. Not a flea-bite even to a millionaire."

"Why, Sir Jonathan, that is almost as bad as Paul Demidow's purchase of the Sancy diamond, for which he gave half a million roubles in 1835, to sell it for 625,000 francs the year after here in Paris, as my father used to tell me. Where is the Earl staying?"

"We have taken the Hotel Choiseul in the Rue St. Dominique for the season. We shall be delighted to see you. Will you come to the countess's—I mean Mrs. Chester's—*soirée* to-night? For we are here in the strictest *incog.* Permit me to hand you our card for your guidance. What say you, Prince; may we expect you?"

"My dear Sir Jonathan, I accept your kind invitation with the greatest of pleasure. You may depend upon my coming. If you are disengaged now, you will perhaps do me the favor to look at a new carriage which I have just had built for the princess. I know you are an exquisite judge of such matters."

"Delighted, my dear Prince. My Tim will drive us where you order."

The two gentlemen left arm in arm.

M. Joannot, who was a pretty good linguist, had paid close attention to the conversation between the two; so had another gentleman apparently, who had come to have a valuable bracelet repaired, and a large sapphire put in the centre, in lieu of the one which, he said, had dropped out accidentally and been lost.

"Do you know those gentlemen?" asked this customer of M. Joannot.

"Not much," replied the manager. "The one is an Englishman, the other a Russian, I think. This much I gathered from their conversation."

"I knew both of them in London when I was over there some years ago. The Russian is Prince Baryatinski, who owns no end of square leagues of the finest estates in Southern Russia, and whose wife, the Princess Olga, only daughter and sole heiress of the late Prince Trubetzkoi, is even wealthier than her husband, but who drops a large portion of her princely revenue on the gambling table. The Englishman is Sir Jonathan Carruthers, the opulent banker, who owns some fifty thousand hectares of the best land in Yorkshire and Lancashire. He is said to be worth three million pounds sterling. His only sister and heiress—he is a bachelor—is married to the Earl of—well, you can easily find out the name for yourself. I do not like to mention it here, as the noble Lord is traveling incognito, as I understand. Poor Lord ———! He is smitten with a formidable moral disorder, they say, which, despite his unencumbered rent-roll of five million francs a year, has more than once threatened to get him into serious difficulties. He is what is called a kleptomane."

"A kleptomane! O, that's it!" cried the manager. "A curious fancy for one of the real lords of creation to indulge in."

"There is no accounting for tastes," replied the other, with a true French shrug of the shoulders. "Why, quite recently, one of the scions of the imperial family of Russia stripped his own mother of her jewelry, even taking out the sapphire eyes of the image of the holy Virgin in his imperial mamma's private chapel of devotion. They have shut him up, I understand, to make him sensible of the heinousness of his offence. Poor fellow! as if he could help it. It runs in the family. They are all afflicted with kleptomania, only the supreme chief of the clan steals lands and men instead of gold and gems."

M. Joannot laughed. "There you are right, sir. The King of Prussia certainly labors under the same affection. He stole our milliards from us, and unhappy Alsace-Lorraine."

"Yes, and he sticks to his acquisitions. With the Earl of ——— it is very different. He simply cares about the taking; he never troubles about the keeping. He is always willing to pay even double the value of the thing if he can only cleverly manage to—annex it. It was the same with poor Prince Nicholas Constantinowitch. What he realized one day, he gave away the next to Fanny Lear or somebody else, which is the character of your true kleptomane; whilst with his Prussian grand uncle takings are keepings."

"Well, never mind! We have got pretty high over that little trouble. The hard necessity of the times has given our industry a marvellous impulse. See how our clock trade is flourishing."

"Ah, that we owe to the Prussian officers. By Jove, how they liked our clocks! They seemed to be seized with universal pendulomania. There was once a King of Sardinia, a grand-uncle or great-grand-uncle of Victor Emanuel, I think, who had a most inordinate affection for watches and snuff-boxes. He robbed all the ambassadors accredited to his court. But he, just like the Prussians, would never part with the acquisitions of his nimble fingers."

"This latter sort of kleptomania," cried M. Joannot, laughing, "I must confess, I like much less than that of your English earl. If I wanted to speculate in the article, he would be the man for my money."

"I should think so" laughed the other. "He might be a good customer for your place. Egad! Five o'clock, by Jove," looking at his watch. "I must be off. Will you kindly send the bracelet to the Avenue de l'Alma, No. 6. Here is my card. Good evening, M Joannot."

"Vicomte MacMahon," muttered the manager. "A most pleasant gentleman, and so chatty. Good old Irish and Breton blood, and evidently related to the Marshal President. I am rather glad to know now who Mr. Chester is. He may, indeed, turn out a good customer to our place. Five million francs a year—and a kleptomane! Well, well, he can afford it."

Human nature is human nature all over the world. It is hardly to be expected that a merchant should reject or neglect an easy and promising way to dispose advantageously of his wares. So it came to pass quite naturally that "Mr. Chester" had soon some tempting bits of rather high-priced jewelry placed within his reach; and the gentleman availed himself cheerfully of the opportunity thus generously afforded him, so that poor devoted Sir Jonathan and the Countess—for after a time that lady would occasionally replace her brother in looking after "Mr. Chester's" surreptitious purchases—had some heavy disbursements to make. However, neither of them ever hesitated or bargained, but paid cheerfully what was demanded. In about two month's time Messrs. Maspre had thus found a profitable market for some seven thousand pounds' worth of jewelry. One day "Mr. Chester" informed the manager of Messrs. Maspre's business that it was his intention to leave Paris soon for America, where he intended to pass two years.

Now at this very time the house had a magnificent diamond necklace, with several very large brilliants of the purest water, of a marketable value of a million and a half francs. The temptation to sell this, if possible, for about two millions to the eccentric Englishman was overpowering great, and the manager could not resist yielding to it.

But, strange to say perhaps, "Mr. Chester" resisted the temptation the first time it was placed before him. On another visit, a few days after, when the gentleman's fingers were just tentatively advancing towards the tempting treasure, Sir Jonathan and the Countess came in rather precipitately, which they had never done before, and entreated "Mr. Chester," to leave the place with them at once.

"Look here, Edward," said Sir Jonathan, who seemed not to have the least notion that there might be third parties present who could overhear and understand what he was saying, "you had better come along now with Ada and me. I am afraid you may once again plunge in a little too deeply. I should not like you to have to drop twenty or thirty thousand pounds over another such transaction as we had once before in London, you remember. There's a rule in everything, my boy; we must draw the line somewhere."

"I do not understand you, Jonathan," replied the other, a flush of angry passion suffusing his face. "I will go with you and Ada, as I do not wish to have words with you in her presence. But I would really advise you to mind your own business, and not trouble about mine. If I choose to drop thirty or forty pounds, what is that to you, so long as it pleases me? Have I not two hundred thousand a year, and half a million lying idle now at Child's? What need can there be, then, to interfere with me? However, I will go with Ada and you; so come along at once. To-morrow M. Joannot." And, linking his left arm in his brother in law's, and presenting his right arm to his wife, "Mr. Chester" left the place, and the three got into the carriage at the door, which drove off at once.

When the manager, a few minutes after, turned to the table on which the necklace had been placed, he found, to his intensest surprise, and, to tell the truth, to his inward gratification and gratulation, that the precious article was gone! So it appeared that, though he had all the time, as he thought, been closely watching "Mr. Chester," who had had moreover the eyes of his wife and his brother-in-law upon him, yet that remarkably expert gentleman—or rather nobleman—had succeeded, nevertheless, in gratifying his kleptomanic *penchant*.

Of course it would be all right, thought M. Joannot; Sir Jonathan would take the first opportunity to slip away from the Earl and pay, however reluctantly, for the kleptomanically abstracted article.

Still, strange to say, perhaps, all things considered, there arose some slight and undefined misgivings in the manager's mind. It seemed suddenly to strike him that a million and a half was, after all, rather a large risk to run even for millionaires like him and his partner in the business.

So when, after two hour's waiting, no Sir Jonathan made his appearance, M. Joannot had a cabriolet called to the door, and drove to the Rue St. Dominique.

At the Hotel Choiseul, where everything was apparently conducted on the largest and noblest scale, he learnt that the carriage had been dismissed and sent back, with orders to the coachman and footmen to take up the family at the opera at about half-past ten in the evening.

This was satisfactory so far. Still somehow M. Joannot could not get rid of an indefinable feeling of disquietude, which led him about nine o'clock to the opera. Unable to secure a place commanding a view of the whole front of the house, he had to wait patiently till the end of the performance. He found the carriage waiting outside, as ordered, but no "Mr. Chester" made his appearance, nor Sir Jonathan or the lady.

The servants told him, however, that monseigneur, as they respectedly called their master, was rather eccentric, and that this was not the first time they had known him to change his mind, and that most likely the family had by this time returned to the hotel.

M. Joannot went back to the hotel, where he waited till three next morning, when his increasing anxiety induced him at last to make a carefully guarded application to the Rue de Jerusalem, where he was recommended to await the coming day patiently.

Well, the morning came, and there were a great many more eagerly and anxiously inquiring after "Mr. Chester" and Sir Jonathan Carruthers. There was M. Holbein, the great general agent, who had hired and splendidly furnished the Hotel Choiseul, and supplied carriages, horses, and servants for the eccentric English millionaire, and who, having been paid a month in advance, had allowed two more months to run on and out. Indeed, he had been desired to call on this identical morning for his money. There was the great Chevet, with a long bill, and speedily a longer face. In brief, there were no end of purveyors of all kinds, who had all been desired to call that morning for a settlement of their accounts, and who had called accordingly.

As the distinguished family could not be found anywhere in Paris, not even at the Morgue, the sagacious police opined, with truly marvellous acuteness, that they had "mizzled," and set to work to track the fugitives, if possible.

The French police enjoy a high reputation for particular sharpness; but after all they can only see through a brick wall when there is a hole drilled through it; now there was no such hole in this brick wall, you see, so they stood before it as blind as bats.

The Vicomte MacMahon was anxiously sought after; he was off, it appeared, and he had forgotten to settle his bills before his departure. You see, he was such an extremely pleasant fellow, as M. Joannot had remarked, and paying bills may not be a very pleasant occupation. The Marshal President indignantly repudiated all and every and any relationship to the Vicomte. It is ever thus; people in the full glare of sunshine will always ignore those under a cloud.

Prince Baryatinski must have changed his mind about the Hotel Guebriant. He was nowhere to be heard of in Paris. At the Russian Ambassy they barely pretended not to know him. Perhaps he had gone back to Monaco to join the Princess Olga, and to tell her about the new carriage.

The head partner and manager of Maspre & Co., went well-nigh crazy, not so much perhaps over the fearfully heavy loss sustained by the house, as over the sad reflection that he had been shamefully and ignominiously done. As the old, though much disputed, saying hath it, "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat," so he who deals in brilliants should himself be rather bright; and M. Joannot had certainly shown himself the dullest of dullards, and as gullible as any fool who falls an easy prey to the "confidence trick." At least, such was his own desponding impression.

And as time wore on and no more was heard of the noble lord, or the baronet, or the prince, or the vicomte, or—the worst of the matter—of the costly necklace, the conviction grew confirmed in M. Joannot that he had been the victim of what is technically known as a "plant"—cleverly devised and skillfully executed by some high graduates of the Academy of Crime, with capital at their back.

"Prendo!" he will occasionally mutter, with a tremulous voice, whenever his mind reverts to the sad experience of the past—"Prendo (I take)! I know now what he meant, by it, the dashed impudent thief. Only he ought to have had a necklace painted in his armorial bearings in lieu of a diadem."

News of Interest

—Harriet Beecher Stowe has cleared over $70,000 by her pen.

—In San Francisco there are 45,000 voters, 20,000 of whom pay no taxes.

—Two hundred and forty-three English persons went mad from love last year.

—Ten murderers have been lynched in West Virginia, and none hanged by law.

—Gortschakoff, the Russian diplomatist, has just entered upon his eighty-third year.

—Thirty-eight of the forty-six officials of Dubuque, Iowa, city and county, are Irishmen.

—Dutch doctors maintain that people would live longer if they did not expectorate so much.

—A Biddeford, Me., lady has taught her large Newfoundland dog to carry the train of her dress.

—James Gordon Bennett will soon erect a house on the cliff site at Newport, purchased by him for $45,000.

—Governor Hubbard, of Texas, has issued arms and ammunition for guards for railroad trains against robbers.

—Senator John Morrissey was stricken with paralysis at Troy, N. Y., on the 28th, and is not expected to recover.

—The United States government has paid nearly $400,000,000 in pensions since 1790, over half of it since 1866.

—A practical-joking idiot of Middleboro, Mass., has been fined $20 for sending a false marriage notice to a newspaper.

—It is calculated that if all the insects of the world were piled in one mass, the heap would be greater than that of all the beasts and birds.

—A six-year old child at St. Stephens, N. B., was instantly killed the other day by falling upon a pair of scissors, which penetrated her heart.

—Burglars worked hard all night on a safe at Tekamah, Neb., and when they got at the treasure, about daybreak, found twenty cents less than $2.

—In the last thirty years 16,111 suicides have occurred in Denmark out of a population of less than 2,000,000. Four-fifths of the number were men.

—The children of the royal family of Russia are strongly built and soldierly in person, but with no indication of capacity, and none of refinement.

—A good substitute for gutta percha has been discovered. It is called ralata, and is the hardened resin of a tree growing on the banks of the Amazon.

—A Rochester man hung a sign in front of his place of business, which reads: "Twenty-five loafers wanted to stand here." They don't stand there.

—According to a Virginia newspaper, a Wytheville dentist extracts teeth painlessly by simply pressing on the temples of the patient during the operation.

—A big gold watch, sacred with the memory of having been worn by Brigham Young, was lately sold at public auction at Salt Lake for $800, and the chain for $300.

—Ice did not become an article of commerce until the present century. Now $30,000,000 are invested in the business in its various branches in the United States alone.

—A Cold Spring, Putnam county, N. Y., man has just dislodged a house-fly from his tympanum that had been leader of the orchestra there for two years.

—A woman employed as a stitcher in a shoe shop in North Adams, Mass., died a few days since from the effect of poison contained in the fancy colored leather on which she worked.

—The funeral of Wm. Evarts, Jr. took place at Windsor, Vt., Tuesday. The Secretary and Mrs. Evarts were absent, having been called to New York by the dangerous illness of their other son.

—Mrs. Whitney, of Enfield, N. H., is the mother of twins, the grand-mother of twins, and the great-grand-mother of twins, just born to Mr. Leonard H. Clark. She is now at the age of over eighty, taking care of her great-grand children.

Bottled Beauty.

Let the ladies bear in mind that there is loveliness in every bottle of LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, a preparation which endows even the plainest countenance with attractiveness, on account of the surpassing lustre and smoothness which it imparts to the complexion. Those to whom Nature has denied a soft clear skin may speedily obtain the missing charm by using night and morning this potent aid to beauty, which chemical analysis has shown to contain nothing injurious.

MY WIFE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

My little wife is out beyond the barn,
I see her parasol behind the fir,
And here I am inditing verse to her
Ere she return.

That pretty bird is happy there concealed,
This fragrant chamber smiles a peaceful smile—
What joy to sing the joys of home—the while
My joy's asleep!

My spouse is mild—she's meek as any nun,
And yet her spiritual calm is such
Somehow one's always feeling she is much
Too good for one.

She thinks I'm wise and handsome—'tis her creed;
I wonder am I either? On my word
Sometimes I've wondered "an' my bonnie bird"
Thinks so indeed.

Perhaps! for she my homage ne'er repels;
Perhaps I might have loved her half a life,
Perhaps—had she but been the wife
Of some one else.

But why should I complain of cross or cares?
While entertaining her, who won't complain,
It may be I an angel entertain—
And unawares.

THE Lovers of Ordmore.

CHAPTER IV—[CONTINUED.]

"Now we can talk in comfort. You don't want to dance this quadrille, do you? No? That's all right. Now is not this much jollier than scrambling through a lot of senseless figures that would puzzle the Pope?"

"I think you ought to dance at a ball," said Dorothy coquettishly.

"Then they should have only round dances," was his reply. "They are going to have eight polkas to-night—I am so delighted; the polka is the very best dance out."

"The polka!" exclaimed Dorothy, in a horrified tone.

"Yes, the polka," he repeated, laughing at her face of consternation. "Don't you know it?"

"Oh, yes! We used to dance it when we were children."

"Will you dance the next one with me? I believe the next dance is a polka. Yes—do dance it with me."

"Oh, yes! But I shall be very stupid."

"I don't believe you could be stupid at anything."

"Indeed I can, as you will probably discover when the polka begins."

That discovery however he did not make. Dorothy danced as many polkas with him as etiquette would allow, and sat out more quadrilles than even Mrs. Wyvill would have approved of if she had known where her truant daughter was; but Sir gore contrived to draw her into the most sheltered nooks, and after each dance used the utmost persuasion to induce her to remain hidden during the next one.

"But I am engaged for it," expostulated Dorothy in answer to one such demand.

"Toss him over," said Sir Gore calmly, without moving.

"But he will be angry."

"Then I will twist his neck!"—as though that were an everyday occurrence.

"I couldn't," said Dorothy shaking her head.

"Who is he?"—"One of the dragoons."

"Scott?"—"No. Hammer—something.

"Oh, Hammersley! Well, toss him over."

"It wouldn't be polite," objected Dorothy.

"Well, will you stay here *perdu* until he finds you?"

"I don't mind that," she said at last.

Almost immediately however the Dragoon presented himself.

"I believe this is my dance, Miss Wyvill?"

"Yes. How did you know I was here?"

"I saw you hide away half an hour ago. I am very sorry to take your partner away, Fairlie. Fairlie looks very black, doesn't he?" he continued, as they waltzed down the room.

"Oh, does he?" said Dorothy innocently. "I wonder why?"

Mr. Hammersley laughed.

"The reason is obvious. He is an awfully good fellow is Fairlie. I have never met any one who did not like him. He is so handsome too; if I were as good-looking as he is, I should set high value on myself."

"Perhaps he does," suggested Dorothy.

"Well, other people do; so it comes to the same end. Do you know, Miss Wyvill, I saw you on the 'Ramparts' a week or so ago, and your sister and another young lady."

"That was my cousin," answered Dorothy, blushing a little at the remembrance. "She has lately come to live with us. Her father died a short time ago, and she is left to my father's guardianship."

"She lives with you?" said he eagerly.

"Yes, she has been with us about a month."

"And her name is Wyvill too?"

"Oh, no! Her mother was a Wyvill. Her name is Falconer—Graham Falconer, of that ilk," she added with a bright laugh.

"Perhaps some day you will introduce me to her?"

"Oh, yes, of course I will!"

"You will perhaps be out on the 'Ramparts' some morning?"

"Per-haps"—this very dubiously.

"To-morrow morning?"

"Oh, no!" cried Dorothy with frank candor. "I am sure we shall all be in bed and asleep to-morrow morning."

"Then in the afternoon? At any rate I shall go up to watch for you. Do you know, Miss Wyvill, Scott has fallen desperately in love with your sister?"

"Which of them?" inquired Dorothy, with a comical face.

"The one who is here to-night. Indeed he has done nothing but talk about her since we saw you on the 'Ramparts.'"

"He has made up his mind very quickly," said Dorothy, drawing a breath.

"He is rather go-ahead certainly," Noel Hammersley laughed; "but you know we haven't time to wait and trifle and consider in the nineteenth century; and really it doesn't take much time to make up one's mind. You ask Fairlie."

"What's that?" said that individual close behind them. "I believe this is our dance, Miss Wyvill?"

"I don't think so," replied Dorothy. "No; I am engaged to your friend Mr. Scott."

"Have your name on my programme," he asserted. "Look—'Miss H. W.'"

"Why, that's Nell, of course!"

At that moment Mr. Scott came to claim his dance.

"Ah, you're the very man I want!" said Sir Gore coolly. "I know you are longing to dance this with Miss Nell, and her sister and I are willing to accommodate you."

"Sis Gore!" exclaimed her sister.

"Oh, yes, you are! Now, if I go and square it with Miss Nell, you'll owe me a good turn."

"What a splended fellow you are!" whispered Scott in Sir Gore's ear. "By Jove, old man, I shall never be able to repay you for this!"

"If it's any satisfaction to you to know it, I'm paid already."

"O-o-h! That's the way the wind blows, is it?"

"Yes; and, as you're and old friend and neighbor," added the Baronet, "I don't mind telling you that it's blowing pretty strong—a perfect hurricane in fact."

"Good luck go with you! She's a real beauty, and will make a first-rate Lady Fairlie."

"There's my sentiments," was Sir Gore's comment as he left his friend to rejoin Dorothy.

The hours wore away, and at last the Wyvill party made a move. Their departure was triumphant. As Nell said—

"It was worth a 'fiver' to see the faces of the Idleminster mammas and daughters when we left the room."

Jack Lacy took his mother-in-law, and Francis Molly. Dorothy had one hand on Sir Gore's arm, while her other was imprisoned by Noel Hammersley. Nell brought up the rear with Douglass Scott and three or four young militia officers, whom the Dragoons irreverently stigmatized as "tad-poles."

Graham Falconer was sitting up for them with a blazing fire and some steaming coffee.

"Oh! my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Wyvill, "you oughbot not to have stayed up."

"Well, but, aunt, I did not want to be wide awake when you are all awfully sleepy to morrow, and I thought the servants would be obliged to get up, so Mary brought me the kettle and those things in here, and then I sent them to bed."

"But how tiresome you must have found it sitting all those hours alone, you poor little darling!" said Dorothy.

"Not a bit: I took my hair down——"

"And very jolly it looks," observed Francis.

"Now, Francis!" laughed she, holding up a warning finger. "I put on this warm wrapper, and was as comfortable as possible, and fast asleep until five minutes ago. And now tell me how the ball went off."

"Dorothy's made her fortune," said Francis: "she danced all night nearly with a Sir Gore Fairlie."

"No!" exclaimed Graham. "How did you like him?"

"How he liked her is more to the point," quoth Francis; "and that seems to be no trifle. I'll bet anything the wedding is over before three months are past."

"Sir Gore has sixteen thousand a year," said Graham gravely.

"You never mean that!" cried Nell, bouncing from her seat.

"I do indeed."

"Do you know him?" asked Mrs. Wyvill.

"Oh, yes, aunt! I have known him all my life," answered Graham. "Linley, his estate, joins Ordmore, and Lady Fairlie chaperoned me everywhere since I came out. Dorothy should consider herself a very lucky girl if she has taken his fancy."

"I think we had better, go to bed instead of building air-castles as high as the stars," said Dorothy sapiently. "I've no doubt Sir Gore thinks it his duty to flirt with every girl he meets."

"I have never heard of his flirting with any one," cried Graham indignantly. "In Scotland they say he doesn't like women; and indeed it's no wonder, for he is absolutely beset. He hardly ever goes to balls, but is always shooting or hunting, or after sport of some kind."

"I wonder what made him come to-night," said Nell.

"Oh, he told me!" answered Dorothy. "Mrs. and Miss Wilson were coming, and he was obliged to bring them."

"Who are they?" asked Graham.

"The Bishop's wife and daughter."

"Suppose we all flirt with that respectable old person Morpheus," said Dorothy with a great yawn.

"Morpheus!" exclaimed Francis. "What airs Dot is giving herself already! Has the great man been instructing you? I think he must have been, for I am sure you knew nothing about Morpheus before to-night."

"Come, run away!" said tall Nell, chasing him out of the room with a large white shawl; and so, laughing merrily, they all trooped off to bed.

CHAPTER V.

The next day the whole family were unwontedly late, no one appearing before the early dinner, after which the three girls sallied out for a walk.

"Which way shall we go?" said Nell.

"Oh, to the 'Ramparts,' repied Dorothy carelessly. "What do you say, Graham?"

"To the 'Ramparts' decidedly. The town is so stuffy."

They were soon enjoying the gentle breeze which blew upon the elevated promenade, and much to their surprise, especially Dorothy's, met with the three cavaliers of the preceding night.

"Who would have thought of seeing you here?" she remarked coolly, "Let me introduce Mr. Scott and Mr. Hammersley, Graham—my cousin Miss Falconer. You don't need to be made acquainted, do you, Sir Gore?" she added, turning to the Baronet.

Sir Gore did not, and in a few moments the group of six resolved itself into a trio of pairs. Mr. Hammersley and Graham were soon deep in the mysteries of picket and outpost duty and other military topics. Douglas Scott was relating to Nell the glorious news that his steeplechaser, which had been seriously lame for several months, had that morning undergone a veterinary examination and been pronounced "fit," and that therefore his chance of "pulling off a good thing" at the military steeplechases in the following month was almost certain. Sir Gore was telling Dorothy how he had not danced at all after she had left, and how he had not slept all night for thinking of her.

"Really!" was that young lady's coquettish comment, thinking the while that for a disliker of the fair sex Sir Gore did not do amiss.

The Wyvill girls were all flirts by nature, but Dorothy—Dorothy was "unique" Francis said.

"There is but one Dorothy. She has a young man for every day in the week, and keeps the best for sundays."

The afternoon soon slipped away, and then the girls declared they must be going home—much to the disgust of the young men. At the corner of Wyvill's Court the two officers, after vainly fishing for an invitation to go in, reluctantly took leave; but Sir Gore asserted that Mrs. Wyvill herself had asked him to afternoon tea, and was determined to enter, whether Dorothy was willing or not.

"We shall be very glad to see you, but I don't believe mother did ask you," she said gravely, as they waited for the door to be opened.

"I assure you, Miss Wyvill," he replied with the utmost gravity, "these were her very words—'Come in to afternoon tea.'"

Dorothy shut her mouth with the same defiant air with which she had told him about the dress.

"I am sure my mother would not ask you to afternoon tea, because we don't dine late—so you need not have told a fib about it."

"Ah, Miss Wyvill," laughed Sir Gore, "I'd tell fifty fibs for the sake of getting in here once—and you know that as well as I do."

"How should I know?" was Dorothy's saucy reply. She was laughing now, the sly puss! She knew well enough how her changeable moods charmed and fascinated the young Scotchman.

Having once won the *entree* of the house, Sir Gore Fairlie was, as Francis broadly expressed it, "never off the doorstep." He conducted his wooing in a very different style from Jack Lacy. Jack had never been proud: He had been countless times stowed away in closets or cellars, and had been content to creep in at the nursery window if the "All's safe" signal was up. Now that he had succeeded in securing his prize, he was not above sneaking in to visit his relatives in the same manner. But Sir Gore managed otherwise. He found his way into Mrs. Wyvill's heart as readily as into Dorothy's, and one afternoon, when Mr. Wyvill, whom he had never seen, pounced suddenly upon them, stood his ground as firmly as a rock and, though he looked rather astonished at the hush which fell upon the room, asked Dorothy calmly if she would not introduce him to her father.

"This is Sir Gore Fairlie," begun Dorothy in a very quavering voice.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Wyvill, in one of the politest tones in the world. "I am exceedingly pleased to make your acquaintance, Sir Gore Fairlie."

The young Wyvills looked at each other in dismay—they knew what this unusual display of cordiality meant. Then, to their unutterable horror, their visitor rose, calmly settled himself with his back to the fire, and observed that it was a pleasant day.

Mr. Wyvill smiled a smile that sent a thrill of terror to every heart in the room save two—those two were Graham and Fairlie.

"It is a pleasant day," he responded—"so much so that it is a pity to waste it indoors."

Sir Gore did not perceive the hint, or, if he did, he did not choose to take it.

"Yes," he assented; "but I walked into Idleminster to-day. The Bishop has gone to some confirmation, or something of that sort, ten miles in the opposite direction."

Mr. Wyvill's face and manner changed as if by magic. The Bishop was the one being of whom he stood in awe—of that dear benevolent old man he was terribly afraid. Indeed, if his lordship of the see of Idleminster had told him seriously to cut off his hand, it is a question whether he would not have done it without a moment's hesitation. In this instance the all-powerful name was sufficient to change his tone of cynical mock politeness to one of real friendliness.

"No—it is the re-opening of Middleham church to-day. Then you are staying at the Palace?"

"Yes—the Bishop is my guardian, you know—or rather was. I have never been to Idleminster before. It was an understood thing that the next visit should be paid here; but somehow, whenever I had a few days to spare, he was in town, and I spent them there."

"How long have you been here?"—"Three weeks"

"And do you like Idleminster?"

"Like it?" repeated the young man with a hearty laugh. "I should think I do! Why, I think it's charming—a perfect Paradise!"

Whereupon Dorothy blushed deeply, and the others tittered audibly; but Mr. Wyvill remained in the most delightful unconsciousness, and blandly continued—

"Ah, I suppose then the Minster has great attractions for you?"

"I don't think it's so much the Minster as the Minster belle," said he with consummate audacity—"that's what I cannot tear myself away from."

"Eh? I don't quite understand," returned Mr. Wyvill, evidently puzzled.

"If you'll give me ten minutes downstairs, I'll soon explain," said Sir Gore.

Mr. Wyvill led the way to his study, unmistakably amazed. As they left the drawing-room Sir Gore looked back over his shoulder in a way which sent the whole family into an agony of mirth.

"Now, Mr. Wyvill," began this audacious young man as the study door closed upon them, "you can understand that I shouldn't have stayed three whole weeks in a place like Idleminster unless I had some very powerful attraction."

"No, exactly—of course not," responded Mr. Wyvill, still adrift.

"Well, I've been a good deal at your house during those three weeks, though I've not had the pleasure of meeting you before, and I think the best plan is to make a clean breast of it, and tell you at once that your daughter is the attraction."

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Wyvill, in the tone he might have used if Sir Gore had said, "Your wife." "And which of them, may I ask?"

"It is Dorothy. I have not asked her to marry me as yet, but with your permission I will do so this evening before I leave."

"But—but," stammered Mr. Wyvill.

"I venture to think you can have no personal objection," said Sir Gore calmly, "and my income and position are good. I think your daughter cares for me, and of my own feelings there can be no question. I had already arranged to bring the Bishop down to-morrow to introduce me formally, but perhaps it is as well as it is. I may conclude I have your consent?"

Mr. Wyvill did not answer for a few moments. If he had consulted his own inclination, he would have shown Sir Gore Fairlie to the door; for, though a man with a large family for whom he ill knew how to provide, yet such was his idiosyncrasy that he could not endure the idea of his daughters being settled. His inclination led him thus, but his fear of the Bishop was stronger, and at last he said—

"What does the Bishop say?"

"The dear old man thinks I'm the luckiest fellow on the face of the earth. Dorothy is a great favorite of his. I suppose now I may consider the matter concluded? You don't want to talk of settlements just yet, I suppose?"

"No, no, of course not." And then Sir Gore made his escape and joined the happy, laughing group up-stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

Sir Gore Fairlie having proved himself not possessed of that faint heart which never won fair lady, was determined not to let the grass grow under his feet. During the two months which followed he made the lives of many people a burden to them. With almost daily communications he worried his lawyers about settlements and tormented the upholsterers to whom he had entrusted the "doing up" of Linley Manor, and he contrived to be all day long at Wyvill's Court. Just at first Mr. Wyvill was a good deal with the rest of the family, and on one occasion he even went so far as to honor the nursery tea with his presence; but, to the inexpressible relief of the juniors, that experiment was not repeated.

"Why, life would not be worth having," quoth Nell, "if our own nursery were not sacred! Only fancy having my father, like a wet blanket, with us every night!"

It was rather a significant circumstance that since Molly's marriage the young Wyvills had never spoken of their father as the Dragon, and, though their terror of him was as great as ever, since that day there had never been a disturbance of any importance. Of course he had been away some weeks, but in the old days disturbances had been of hourly occurence, and the unusual calm really troubled his family, who began to think something must be seriously amiss with him. His half-sister, Miss Wyvill, commonly called aunt Grace, was forgiven, and came down to Wyvill's Court as soon as the engagement was announced.

When she came in, the whole party were sitting round the drawing-room fire in the soft December gloaming. Besides the family were Sir Gore and Mr. Scott, who, on strength of being bridegroom-elect's best man, was almost as much at Wyvill's Court as his "master." The old lady, who was as clever at scenting out love-affairs as any match-making matron, saw the position of affairs in that quarter, and treated Mr. Scott with much cordiality, and insisted upon his continuing the story which her entrance had interrupted, saying graciously—

"You might give me the outline of the story before you go on."

"Oh, yes! I'll begin over again. You know we have a new colonel, and last night he gave us his complimentary dinner. Well, about two o'clock Captain Harrington went to bed, which his fellow-officers did not like. He is a very bad-tempered fellow, and doesn't like being disturbed after he gets to bed."

"I should think not," said aunt Grace.

"Well, when I went up to my room, which is exactly opposite to his, I found about ten men there, 'plotting how to draw him.'"

"What does that mean?" said some one.

"Draw him? Well, how to get him out of his rooms. Now, you know, we have to be awfully careful with a captain, because he both can and will 'report'—a 'sub' is of course, utterly powerless—and Captain Harrington is such a disagreeable fellow that we could not think how to do it. So we got some gunpowder and filled a wash-leather bag with it, and tied it on to his keyhole, put a fuse, and with a match at the end of a fishing-rod managed to light it. In a minute it went off with a f-f-f-fu-fuff, which however did not blow the door open as we intended, for all the smoke came into my room, which was a nuisance. Then we filled the keyhole with powder, and scattered some under the door—and that went off with another bang. But the door wouldn't give way, and, whilst they were hanging about considering the next move, some one suggested hammering in the door, but no one dared to do it. 'Let me come,' said I. 'Are you all afraid of a fat duffer like Harrington?' So I got my shoulder well against the door, and crack, crack, in it went, and I bolted straight into Harrington's arms. I heard the whizz, whizz of his fists as they shaved my ears, so without a moment's delay I just sloped across the ruins of the door and down the corridor on all fours. 'Let me get at him!' shrieked Harrington. If he had got at me, I'd have been in a pretty mess."

"Do they ever draw you?" inquired Nell.

"Oh, yes, often enough! They did on the night before last. You remember, we were here rather late, and I went straight to bed without going into the ante-room, which it seems they resented. I'd been asleep ever so long, when a knocking came at my door, which I thought was Rooke, my man, waking me for morning parade. Without a moment's thought, I tossed my boots at the door. 'Get out,' said I—'it's not eight o'clock yet.' But I found it was, I had to get out—not Rooke. More was the pity.

When Miss Wyvill was left alone with her sister-in-law, she expressed her extreme gratification at the position of affairs.

"Molly has done very well, very well indeed; but Molly has not Dorothy's beauty; and now that she is making so desirable a match my mind is set at rest. I always wished Dorothy to have a title. She will adorn her station well."

To which sentiment Mrs. Wyvill assented, adding—

"It is a great blessing that Jack and Sir Gore are so very good-tempered."

"A blessing they will both be in a position to appreciate," said aunt Grace, nodding her head sagely. "Any one so awful as George I have never met with in all my life."

Two days later Miss Wyvill began upon the same subject.

"Gertrude, do you think George is ill? He is very much altered. I have been two days in the house, and I have not seen a single exhibition yet; do you think any thing is the matter with him?"

"Oh, no, no! But"—Mrs. Wyvill dropped her voice, and looked nervously round—"I believe he is very much worried about this wedding. He would never have given his consent but that Gore was a ward of the Bishop's; and—and——"

"And he dared not say 'No,'" finished "aunt Grace" with a hearty laugh. "Well, it is a very lucky thing for Dorothy that Sir Gore was connected with the Bishop."

The good old lady, who had inherited a large fortune from her mother, behaved with great liberality on the occasion of her favorite niece's marriage, as she plainly said—

"If Dorothy is going to marry into a family like the Fairlies, we must provide her with some decent clothes."

And with a very handsome *trousseau* she did supply her. The wedding dress however remained a mystery until two days before the wedding, for it was a whim of the bridegroom's that it should be one of his presents to his bride.

During the two months of the engagement every room at Wyvill's Court presented the appearance of a milliner's work-room. Silk, laces, velvet, and all the various materials were held up and descanted upon, until Sir Gore was nearly driven wild between such descriptions as bias-folds, gores, Scotch kilts, *bouillonnies*, and so forth, and finally he used to carry Dorothy off, for fear, as he said, when he did get his wife, she would have no brains left.

Mr. Scott, on the contrary, devoted himself to the millinery details with a precision and clearness of comprehension which delighted Miss Wyvill and won the admiration of the dressmaker, who sat day after day stitching at the minor part of Dorothy's *trousseau*. Besides, he was so lively and amusing. Handsome Nell, whose long white fingers were ever busy, would have sat for ever listening to the racy anecdotes of which, in common with the other gentlemen of Her Majesty's Army, he had so large a stock—how Captain So-and-so had backed himself to run a mile in five and a half minutes, without previous training, or how Mr. This—commonly called The Monkey—had been painted like the man in the song, in stripes of red and blue.

So the merry winter days slipped by, and at last the momentous morn arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WRONG UMBRELLA

An Every-Day Story.

It is lamentable that the moral sense of mankind takes so little account of the rights of property as regards books and umbrellas.

Many people who are in most respects excellent members of society will borrow books without stint, and if they do not return them minus the covers, will keep them without compunction, and when you hint that they have had them rather long, will mutter, "Confound the fellow! does he think I want to steal his books?"

I have had differences with my best friends on this score, and have even been asked whether I had not better fine everybody who retained my valuable volumes beyond a fixed time, as if I were a village library. Such insults have been borne with meekness, because I have always remembered with remorse how I once revelled in the thought of having made away with Johnson's umbrella.

The laxity of the public morals in the matter of umbrellas is truly awful, but retribution will sometimes overtake him who plots against his neighbor's parachute. Let me tell how it overtook me.

A long time ago I was madly enamored of Mary Jane Bowles. Mary Jane was what you would call a pocket Venus, and often have I been tempted to tuck her under my arm, like a packet of sugar, and fly to the nearest desert island.

She was an artless girl, and very fond of society—especially the society of young men with whom I was not on terms of ardent friendship.

I did not blame her for this, and when she invited me to tea, and I found that Johnson had also been invited, my discerning eye observed that this was not coquetry, but pure exuberance of spirits.

Mr. Bowles, I noticed, was of the same opinion, and it was a great satisfaction to me to have my judgment confirmed by so experienced a parent. Mrs. Bowles, had she been alive, would no doubt have agreed with us.

I had known Mary Jane since she wore short frocks. Johnson had known her but a month. It was pleasant to hear her call me Sam and him Mr. Johnson; but somehow the familiarity in my case seemed to have bred not contempt—oh, dear no! nothing of that kind—but a sort of nonchalance of manner. (How useful the French language is when one wants to express a very delicate shade of meaning!) But that was her artlessness.

"Dear me, Sam," she observed at the tea table, "what have you got such a long face for?"

Johnson's attractions had me a little pensive.

"Something must be long to make up for the prevailing shortness," I said.

Johnson was not much taller than Mary Jane. I made a note of that sarcasm afterwards. My impromptus are too often lost.

"Don't be impertinent, sir! Look into that spoon. Your face is exactly like the reflection you see there—isn't it, Mr. Johnson?"

He grinned.

It was then I observed, for the first time, the singular breadth of his visage. His grin seemed to extend across the room.

"If Mr. Johnson will hold the spoon horizontally, he may admire his own image," I remarked, playfully.

Johnson grinned again. He was one of those insanely good-natured men whom it is quite impossible to annoy.

"Sam, you are outrageous," said Mary Jane. "Mr. Johnson and I are going to practice our duet. You stop here and talk to pa."

Mr. Bowles had to be aroused from the doze into which he usually dropped after tea. It was in that habit that my penetration had detected his conviction that Mary Jane was an artless creature.

Pa woke up, and asked me what were my views on tramways. His composition was a fine crusty conservatism, and he disliked innovations. His port wine was fine and crusty too; but that is by the way.

I was listening to the duet overhead, and had a very indistinct idea of what the old gentleman said, and of what I was saying myself. I cannot sing, but it was not for that reason that I objected to the preposterously operatic way in which Johnson was conducting himself.

"Tramways, my dear sir, are, as you so justly observe, the chief scourge of mankind. From the earliest times they have been noted for their hostility to human virtue, and——"

"'I have lands and proud dwellings,
And all shall be thine.'"

sang Johnson, up-stairs.

"And it is, as you say," monstrous that landed proprietors and bloated householders should override the popular protest in this matter, especially as we know that—that, for purposes of drainage, tramways are——"

"My dear boy, you are not well," interrupted Mr. Bowles, kindly. "Have a glass of wine."

When I left the house that evening I was thoughtful. It struck me that Johnson had Mary Jane in his mind's eye. I could not damage that organ of vision, so I decided that nothing could be gained by hitting him. But something would have to be done. I wanted to marry Mary Jane. She was a charming girl, and her father had a little money.

My suspicions about Johnson were confirmed next day. I met a lively friend, who said, "Oh, you know Johnson?"

"Well!"

"He's going in for the little Bowles. He told me he should propose to her to-morrow night, when he takes her home from Twig's party."

"Perdition!"

"Eh? Slap-up girl, isn't she? Thought you were sweet that way?"

"Per—— Oh, no, not at all! There's my omnibus. By-by!"

Going to propose when he took her home from Twig's! By all the powers, he should not take her home from Twig's.

It had been agreed that I should escort Mary Jane to the halls of Twig. It was a fine night, apparently, but I took my umbrella. It was a new one, surmounted by an alligator's head in German silver. Fervently I invoked Jupiter Pluvius to befriend me, and hoped that Johnson would leave his umbrella at home.

It was less than ten minutes' walk, but there was time enough to show a little preliminary tenderness, if not to put the grand question itself. With an artless girl like Mary Jane it was best to approach such a subject by degrees.

"'Twas just such a night as this," I said, softly, "when you and I, Mary Jane, trod the grassy turf beside the murmuring brook——"

"Oh, I remember!" she exclaimed, laughing in her guileless way. "I know what you are going to say. That was the time you fell over the stile, running away from the bull. And your nose was done up in sticking-plaster, you know; and you scratched my face with it, sir!"

I had forgotten that circumstance; but what did it matter?

"Yes, Mary Jane," I said passionately. "And why did my nose scratch your face? Because my lips were seeking that paradise which now——"

"Good evening, Miss Bowles."

It was Johnson. I saw his grin in the moonlight, and—confusion!—he had brought his umbrella.

There was a little dancing at Twig's, but I had no pleasure in it. My mind was full of Johnson's umbrella. It came before my diseased vision like Macbeth's dagger. I clutched at it and I had it not.

Time wore on. I stood at the window alone, and looked out at the weather. Heavy clouds obscured the moon. Heavy drops began to fall. Then the temptation had me in its grip.

"His umbrella!" I gasped. "I—I'll hide it."

"It's going to be a nasty night, after all," said a hated voice at my elbow. "I believe only you and I have brought umbrellas. There'll be an awful scrimmage for cabs. Luckily we haven't far to walk."

He was grinning more than ever, but he could not have heard me. A cab would not suit him, of course! He wanted to walk home with Mary Jane slowly—very slowly, so that—frenzy! I would do the deed. I would throw his umbrella——

"Oh, Sam, do take me down to refreshments! I asked Mr. Johnson, but he has forgotten me."

She looked up into my face so bewitchingly that my heart thumped as if it were a door-knocker in the grasp of a demon postman. He knew she was thirsting for claret-cup, and yet he left her. Careless brute. What a husband he would make. Whereas in me—in me she would find——

"Mary Jane," I whispered, as we left the giddy crowd that stood around the liquids—"Mary Jane, may I see you home?"

"If you are a good boy, perhaps you may. But here's Mr. Johnson, and I owe him a dance."

He took her away, but she looked back at me with a smile. I really never saw such an artless girl in my life.

And now, to make assurance doubly sure, I crept up-stairs to the room where the umbrellas had been left. The gas was out and the window open.

The melancholy voices of divers cats seemed to protest against the crime, but my nerves were firm. I could see nothing. No matter.

I knew where my enemy had put his umbrella. I groped for it. I grasped it by the ferruled end. Just then a footstep startled me. I rushed to the window, and dropped the hateful thing into the black abyss below.

There was a splash. I felt a sardonic joy. He had brought his umbrella for fear of rain. Well, it might do its duty in the waterbutt!

I listened. All was quiet. The next room was in darkness. There could be no one there. I went down to the refreshment-room, drank a glass of wine, chattered a while with Mrs. Twig, and recovered my self-possession.

Then I sought Mary Jane.

Johnson had just crossed the room to her when I entered. Suddenly she was seized with a violent fit of coughing. I ran for a glass of water. When I returned the coughing became worse than ever. Yet that unfeeling monster, Johnson, grinned till I thought the corners of his mouth would meet in the nape of his neck.

When I asked if she felt better, Mary Jane went off again; and presently the cough was so bad that she had to leave the room.

I remarked to Johnson that she must have caught cold, and then he coughed.

No doubt she had been out on the balcony with him to see whether the rain had ceased.

But wait a little, my grinning friend.

Everybody was now going away.

With a fiendish delight I saw Johnson walk upstairs to get his coat and his—— Ha! ha! I waited till he came down.

He was perfectly cool, and—did my eyes mock me?—he had in his hand an umbrella! I could not see the handle, but of course it was mine. I went down resolved to make an example of Johnson. He stood in the hall leisurely putting on his gloves.

"Excuse me," I said calmly, "but you have got my umbrella."

"I think not," he replied, with his everlasting grin.

"But you have, sir. There can be no mistake about it. Pray, is your umbrella-handle an alligator's head in Germ—in solid silver?"

"I think not," said Johnson coolly.

He held up the umbrella. It was not mine.

I don't know whether I got wet or not. For that matter, I don't know how I got home. I believe the Twigs thought I had been drinking too much. Perhaps I had, or how could I have thrown the wrong umbrella out of the window?

It was found some weeks later, and when it was brought to me in a pulpy condition by young Twig, who is the smallest of wags, he suggested that I should adopt a waterbutt and umbrella as a crest.

Johnson did propose to "the little Bowles" during that walk home. They are married now. That umbrella business remained a mystery, but I am still convinced of the artlessness of Mary Jane.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 4, 1878.

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FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.
ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.
NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

We are running five serials in the POST and we have others of great power soon to appear.

MRS. WARD'S admirable "Anonymous Criticism" deals this week with exposes of critiques, which are not only of themselves interesting, but eminently calculated to awaken those who take an interest in such topics to the flagrant injustice which authors sometimes suffer at unworthy hands. These essays are all characteristic of the talented authoress of "Home Culture," and will be found most powerfully written papers—unique alike in style and in matter.

WHILE we do not profess to dedicate our columns exclusively to the young folks and to children, because there is much in them which they cannot read, simply because they cannot comprehend the higher learning and literature intended for the mass of our readers, nevertheless we are glad to assert that the POST contains nothing which could offend or deteriorate young readers, for its style and aim has always been marked by a high and a pure tone, and a desire to ennoble, please, and instruct all classes of our readers, whether young or old.

IT is a sacred axiom that bids us love home as the best of all places on this earth, and that home should be dedicated to noble and useful pleasures and made the Heaven it is intended to be. Young men should not be driven from home because it is dreary and chill and comfortless, to seek the glitter of bar-rooms or the excitement of low theatres. Books and papers are cheap and plentiful and there should be plenty of them in the house, and plenty of good companions and music and good conversation. Men are driven to drink and to madness because wives do not understand this; and if they lose home they lose all, for there is nothing that can supply its place. Therefore make home as happy as you can, for true pleasure costs very little and is always its own reward.

OUR readers of course recognize all the good things in the POST without special mention being called to any of them; but for the sake of our lady readers we must call their attention to the really attractive and useful "Fashion Notes." It is natural that they should desire to gratify their curiosity by knowing exactly what the present styles are, and what is new from Paris in regard not only to costumes, hats, etc., but to the many little addenda to dress, such as parasols, handkerchiefs, and the various stylish trimmings. All this information is contained in a most concise and clear shape in this department, and if any of our lady readers desire to ask us any questions respecting the matters and things therein contained, we are not only willing but anxious that they should do so. In "Fireside Chat" every query will meet with a prompt and courteous response from the editor.

THE time is now ripe for the development of special training in all departments of labor, and especially in that of skilled labor. The student ought to remember this when he is devoting himself to some ambitious profession like the law, medicine, art, or literature. A man needs to be thorough and expert in all that he professes to do now-a-days. Such training is only to be guided by taste and the natural bent of a person's talent. No instructors can impart the knowledge which a zealous desire to be foremost will impart; nor can a college course make a specialist unless the student moves like an arrow, stright, direct and impetuously to the one point, the one special object he would attain. The difficulty is to know what to absorb and what to eschew. The safe rule is to use all knowledge towards the furtherance of a single aim, and to look at all learning, all education, all converse with men and with books, are chiefly important as material to be used in the career of the future. Then the scholar who becomes a lawyer, doctor, or litterateur will be sound-minded and possessed of many weapons, all to be used in the one great struggle for wealth and fame.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT may interest many of our readers to know all about the great artist of feminine attire, Mr. Worth, of Paris. In a nut shell, this is the latest concerning him: His shop is in the Rue de Paix; 400 working women are employed there, and 1,200 people altogether are in his employ. He lives on the Rue du Mont Valerian, at Suresne, near the great Bois du Boulogne. He has at his house an album of his customers—Adelaide Neilson among others. His house is a palace, and what with the host's passion for china and bric-a-brac, and other artistic tastes, is also a veritable art gallery. Worth is esteemed as a good employer, for during the darkest days of the Commune he paid his hands regularly, and he is a just and an honest man, and a first-rate citizen.

IF Shakspeare were now living, it is not at all impossible or improbable that he would, instead of devoting his attention to the production of plays, cater to the popular demand for fiction, and produce novel after novel, until the astonished critics all over the earth would ask one another, "Which is the best?" Now, just what Will Shakspeare might and would do if he turned his attention to story writing instead of the drama, is to be accomplished by the much talked of coming man of genius. Playrights will use his dramatic stories as the bases of their histrionic spectacles, but he will reign supreme as the master creator of narrative. Modern life is full of splendid material which has not been used in this regard, and of course the novelist of the future will have to turn it to account.

IMMENSE credence is given by some to the witchcraft of shooting stars, and other heavenly phenomena. Anecdotes are rife, quickly wish something that it may express it direct to the region of Reward. Of course shooting stars were only created to carry wishes. It happened once upon a time that a certain maiden, Miss Angelina Phœbiana Tubbs, who had long been wishing for a lover, one night was sitting at her window, and all of a sudden insisted that she saw a shooting star, and she wished accordingly. She wished, of course, that she might be Mrs. Anybody before the year was out. Alas! Angelina Phœbiana is still lonely and disconsolate, and she thinks now she knows the reason. Because she discovered it wasn't a star she saw after all—only a Roman candle ball from a mass meeting in the neighboring square.

THE question of rapid transit is one which is deeply agitating the masses of large cities. In New York they have better facilities than elsewhere on account of the width of many of their thoroughfares, but we insist upon it that people who have to work for a living, and who reside at a great distance from their stores and offices, need and absolutely require swift and sure lines of transit to their places of business. It is so annoying to the merchant, clerk, attorney, or any other methodical and punctual man, to have to be compelled to wait on his way downtown by the apparently trivial circumstance of a cral car stopping the highway, or of freight cars intercepting the line of his transit. By means of the elevated railway these nuisances may to a great measure be overcome, but there still remains the danger of a sudden breakage of the superstructure, or a collision among the too eager and swift going trains. Still, rapid transit is an improvement and an advance in the science of locomotion, and ought to be encouraged.

MRS. LUCY HOOPER, writing to a contemporary, speaking of Meissonier, the great French artist, comes to the conclusion that he is a very small man in many things, wonderful though he be in art; for he not only detests Americans, but is fearfully jealous of his brother artists, is mean to a degree that is contemptible, and discourteous in the extreme. Now, it is hard to have our idols broken before our eyes, but this really and truly great manipulator of pigments has proven himself, outside of his art, every disappointing specimen of a man of genius. His paintings are always marvellous, not only as regards touch, drawing, expression, archæological detail, etc., but also in respect to subject. His "1813" is a masterpiece; his "Chess Players" something akin to magic. Yet, despite his powers, his weaknesses seem to impress Mrs. Hooper as a sad surprise—a shock. It is hardly fair to touch upon the traits of a man of genius save pleasantly, and it is hardly in good taste to criticise minor defects of a painter like Meissonier, every one of whose paintings are worth to-day at least forty dollars *per square inch*.

ONE of the French journals, in an article on the recent sitting of the French Academy, comes to the conclusion that M. Villemain understands the fine art of reading. That is, he reads as he writes. He groups lights and shades, and gives the whole a prudent and noble tone; he envelopes wit so that the point is felt by the hearer without his being touched. This is a sort of literary sword play in which it is less desired to kill the adversary than to show with what grace he could be killed. He does not detach the telling words in such a way as to cause them to produce more effect on his auditory; his voice does not dwell on them, but it glides over them lightly with an intention so evident that it is impossible not to thrill. What the Latins called the *perpetuus tenor dicendi*, he possesses. This is that artful quality imparted to the manner of a reader, that no part is violently detached from the rest, so as to excite the attention of the auditor. His voice remains harmonious and smooth throughout the whole discourse. The truth is, that his reading produces a vast effect, and all the strokes sharpened and darted forth by his voice invariably hit the mark.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—IV.

BY MRS. H. O. WARD.

IGNORANT AND VICIOUS CRITICISM.

The four most notable instances of recent ignorant and vicious criticism known to the compiler are the reviews of Mrs. Forrester's novel, "Diana Carew," which appeared in the *London Saturday Review* and the *New York Tribune*; the reviews of "On Dangerous Ground" given in the latter journal and in the *Literary World*; a review of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" in the last named Boston monthly; and the review of Homer B. Sprague's book which appeared in *The Nation*. Col. Sprague's book was most ignominiously assaulted. He wrote a reply, which was refused admission into *The Nation*, but which was subsequently published in one of the New York daily papers, completely demolishing *The Nation's* criticism. No honest work in the way of criticism is ever done by writers who, unscrupulous with regard to truth, misrepresent the authors whom they review. *The Nation* has become as noted for this kind of misrepresentation as it was formerly (before the death of an able literary editor) known for its honest criticisms and just reviews.

The unjust and personally abusive criticism of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" by a former editor of the *Literary World*, reflected far more discredit upon the dishonest reviewer than upon the book or its author.

From these four cases the compiler has selected the London reviewer's notice of "Diana Carew" to review, as giving an opportunity to show the dishonesty of this especial reviewer.

The contradictory character of the various criticisms made upon "On Dangerous Ground" will next be dealt with; and finally the vicious nature of that made upon it by the editor of the *Literary World*, to which paper its author wrote in vain asking for some contradiction of the falsehoods it had bruited abroad to the public. Editors are not infallible, and that any of them should consider that a statement once made in their columns must not be contradicted on account of shaking the faith of their readers in future statements, reflects great discredit upon their knowledge of human nature. "To boast of an unaltered mind," says some writer, "of an unchanged opinion, is little else than to flaunt one's poverty of nature in the face of the world." What man or woman trusts that dogmatic individual that is "always in the right?" And who is there that does not feel his confidence strengthened in, and his admiration increased of, the wholesouled man who frankly admits that he has been led into an error of statement which he regrets? What a check would such a course place upon the press, however! Too great a one to be borne by those who pander to the lovers of gossip and slander; and too many of the reviewers of books, as well as editors of papers, are panderers of one kind or another; while others show us that there are men who are gentlemen in all the relations of life.

First, however, the compiler gives, as the veritable experience of a friend, the following account of

HOW BOOK NOTICES ARE WRITTEN.

Some years ago I happened to be connected with the press, and consequently had an opportunity to watch in all its details the manufacturing of public opinion. Of all the various departments, none, however, interested me more than that of the critic, probably because the manner in which it was worked differed most widely from what I had imagined of its workings. Until I first lifted the veil of the Isis of Journalism, and became myself an affiliate of that mysterious brotherhood known as "The Press," I had entertained a fancy that critics were endowed with more wisdom as well as more experience than the rest of us; that they were, in short, erudite sages whose superior knowledge and unerring judgment were devoted to the enlightenment of their more ignorant brethren; trustworthy guides, whose mission it was to lead the seeker after worth, truth and beauty through the labyrinths of literature. I used to say to myself, from time to time, when reverently perusing the utterances of some of these oracles, which distributed mixed praise and blame to dozens of more or less fortunate authors: "How that man must study!" "What a labor it must be to go through all those books!" "What a difficult task to review all these novels, romances, poems, biographies, histories, and God knows what!" "How great the responsibility that this man must feel!" These were my naive thoughts; for at that time I believed in the honesty and the infallibility of critics. I was what is commonly called "a greenhorn." Six months intimacy with one of the leading critics of that day dispelled my illusions.

Charley X. and I had been friends at college, where he was commonly known as one of the best and most genial of fellows, always up to anything, fond of sport, gaiety and society, less fond of study, and decidedly adverse to dissipation. Thucydides and Plato were not particular friends of Charley's, but the newest novel was always to be found on his table, in company with the latest choice reviews. He had already the tastes of a critic, if ever a man had. Gentlemanly instincts and love of fair play predisposed him to strict justice; his education, though not profound, still enabled him to discriminate good from bad with rare acumen; while his naturally good taste guided him in his judgment with remarkable certainty, preventing him from ever putting a line in print that could offend the most refined and cultivated reader. He was a critic born, and he was fond of criticising. Consequently, I was not astonished when, some years after leaving college, I found on joining the staff of *The Daily Humbug*, that Charley had been for a year or more engaged in reviewing for this honorable paper. I well remember the first day I hunted him up in his "den," as he usually called the room from which he sent his "copy" down to press. We had made an appointment to dine together at half past six, and the clock struck six as I entered.

"Sit down, old fellow," said Charley, "and pray excuse my want of punctuality, but I must just slaughter one innocent more before I leave. Take a cigar and that copy of Punch; in twenty minutes I will be ready."

"All right," I answered, "I suppose you know the book so well that you have at your pen's end all that you want to say."

"Know the book! O *sancta simplicitas!*—where do you come from, man? Why, I have never opened it."

"Never opened it!" echoed I, amazed, "and you are going to turn out a review of it in less than half an hour."

"Certainly," replied Charley gravely. "In twenty minutes it will be all done, and well done too."

As he noticed the astonished and not altogether approving expression on my face, he added:

"Look here, old boy, don't come it over me with any commonplace reflections on conscientious work and thoroughness, and lots of other wise advice that you are on the verge of letting out. It is all very well in theory, but it won't do in practice. Do you see these scores of volumes—hundreds, I might say—on the shelves, on the floor, on the tables, everywhere. Well, I have to notice all of them before the end of next month. It would fill my time twice over to read only a few pages in each. As for reading all, that is quite out of the question."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, "how on earth do you manage them? I have read the book notices in *The Humbug* for these two years, and have always found good solid criticisms, which could not possibly be manufactured in such a way as you suggest."

"Thank you!" said Charley, smiling. "I wrote them all. Just try your hand at it; it is not very difficult. See, now. This is my *modus operandi*: 'Why Did He Marry Her?' by Gertrude Nash. Here is *The Home Magazine*, which gives a full synopsis of the plot. I will rearrange it a little, touch the weak points with a little more severity, hunt up in the book a ridiculous sentence to quote (which it would be bad luck indeed not to find in five minutes at most, in its three hundred pages, and written by a woman too). You will see my notice will prove very readable."

Said and done. In twenty minutes, Charley read to me what to anyone else who had not read the book, and to some of its readers, possibly too, would appear to be a pretty thorough notice of "Why Did He Marry Her?" Still, when we were seated at the dinner table, I could not help remonstrating with him for the levity with which he fulfilled the duties of critic. But Charley was not to be put down.

"You are quite right," he said, "a critic ought to read everything he reviews—read it carefully and thoroughly, and criticise it fully and impartially. But, alas! it does not pay. No one would like better than I to imitate St. Beuve, or Francisque Sarcey, but I cannot reform the press; and I am sorry to say that the French are the only people who prefer quality to quantity in my line of writing. You see what I have before me. I cannot work as you would like to have me, or as I would like to work myself. Remember, I am paid by the column, and calculate how long it will take me to fill one column if I read what I write about. I would starve—simply starve. As for impartiality, be sure that is not wanting. I treat them all alike."

"But," I interposed, "how do publishers and authors like your style of handling their products?"

"The publishers and I get along famously. As I generally cut up their books a little, they sell all the better for it. As for the authors, no reviewer need try to satisfy them. Nothing short of notices written by themselves would meet with their approbation. They make less hue and cry over a severe castigation, than over a favorable notice, that does not say just what they wish to have said. A crazy lot, all of them—especially the women."

"Well, it may be so," I answered, "still I am sorry to see a man of your talents sink down to such a low standpoint—to such a penny-a-liner logic."

"There," said Charley, with a half-sad smile, "I expected as much. After all, that is what we all must come to. Few professional critics can escape. Overworked and underpaid by editors; loaded down with books, the perusal of which would send a man to a mad house in six months as hopelessly insane, our brains fed on inanities, stupidities and commonplace laws, what can we develop into but penny-a-liners? And yet, after all, perhaps we are the best of the lot. Wait until you understand the work of the others, and then you will come to think more kindly of us poor sinners."

"What others?" I inquired.

"Oh, lots of others! There is the abusive critic, who writes to attract attention to his journal, and to make it sell. When the book he assails does not afford him sufficient opportunity to pour out his vials of vituperation, he disconnects sentences, stringing them together again to give them meanings that the author never intended to convey; or gives garbled accounts of the plot (sometimes going so far as to invent incidents in a novel upon which he bases conjectures as to the author's character. Such are the critics of the *London Saturday Reviler*, and its American disciple, *The Igers*. Now, when I cut a book to pieces, I do not set to work deliberately to misconstrue the author's meaning, or to misrepresent the author. The abusive critic does not drop the book until he has twisted everything that can be twisted, in such a way as to turn it into ridicule. He would find immorality in the New Testament, laughable matter in a treatise of Algebra, and bad English in Milton. You can fancy how authors must like him. The publishers are his friends, for he often does them a good turn by his abuse; clearing their shelves of books which, had they been justly treated, would have adorned them for years. Let a moral book, for instance, get the name of an immoral one, and its success is insured. Then, there is the author's private enemy who, under the pretence of a criticism, writes a malicious review, filling it with personal allusions; or the critic who writes to gratify an old grudge of his own, or of some one of his friends, against the author. Also, the mischievous critic who, once having gotten off a sharp review that pleased the public, so relished the applause that it awoke a taste for cutting up authors. Like the tiger, who having tasted human flesh, prefers it to any other food, so the mischievous critic seldom tries his hand in any other style of writing. There are the critics who most help on the sale of books, and make an author popular with the public. Then there is the hypocritical critic, who artfully mingles faint praise with his censure; feigning regret, and assuring the public that nothing but his conscientious desire to fulfil his duty impels him to condemn the book; and then the toady critic—woe to the author who falls a victim to him. The shadow of his flatterer is ever at his side. He hears himself called by his Christian name, is introduced as 'my friend,' his private hours are broken in upon, and if he rebels, the review of his next book is sure to commence with, 'We are very much disappointed in Mr. Slighton's last work,' etc., etc. Then comes the amateur critic, who receives a book wherein the author has touched upon some particular hobby of his own, and who, though conscientious, is always bigoted. His praise is often more biting than his blame. The critic who regrets that the days of Shakspeare and of Byron are past forever; the patriotic critic who runs down the English in America and in Ireland, and Americans and Irish in England. The teaching critic, who tells authors how they ought to have written; the logical critic, who——"

"Stop!" I interrupted—"enough of critics. You have enlightened me so far as to make me thankful that I am neither a writer of books nor a critic. But you must allow me to add one more species to your category." I said. "The lazy critic," who makes up his reviews entirely from the critiques of others; and so may chance to play the part, in turn, of nearly all those whom you have enumerated."

Charley laughed, and admitted the possibility, though not the probability; relying upon his superior discernment.

I determined to read "Why Did He Marry Her?" and judge for myself the worth of the book, as well as of the justice of his criticism of it.

After this exposure, the reader of this paper will be better able to judge of the worth of anonymous criticism. Before commencing with "A Reviewer Reviewed," the compiler gives an example of the way in which the work of "the lazy critic" is done, by a review that appeared some years since in the *Utica Morning Herald*, March 31st, following one of the same romance in the *New York Tribune*, March 21st, of the same year. Commencing with a quotation from the latter criticism, "The heroine * * * so freely expresses her desire for a Platonic attachment, that it becomes almost a joke among her friends, and when the attachment comes at last, although in the shape of a married man, she is supremely happy. * * * The gentleman immediately takes steps for a divorce. His discarded wife marries again; but the heroine, after discovering that the Platonic attachment has developed into something stronger, refuses marriage with the ex-husband on Roman Catholic grounds," etc., etc.—*Tribune, March 21.*

"The lazy critic" of the Utica paper evidently based his review upon the one in the *Tribune*, reading as follows: "The heroine yearns for Platonic friendship, discovers an affinity in the person of a married man, * * * who straightway seeks a divorce in order that he may woo her. He procures a separation, and the heroine, who has actually fallen in love with her friend, refuses him on account of theological differences."—*Utica Morning Herald, March 31.*

This singular coincidence in falsity of statement gives convincing proof that the critic of the *Utica Morning Herald*, in common with the critics of numerous other journals, took the *Tribune* criticism as his guide. The error of both critics is best shown by the *Home Journal* criticism of the same book, which honestly gives the true reason of the heroine's refusal, and which, as will be seen, neither "theological differences," nor "Roman Catholic grounds," had anything whatever to do with:

"When we say the heroine of this very interesting book is an enthusiastic believer in Platonic friendship, and thinks she has found such a friend in a married man—that, in conjunction with the title of the book, discloses the whole plot and moral. Of course she soon finds the feeling is something more than friendship, and realizes her danger, but so severely conscientious is she that even after her friend is divorced from the wife whom he married for pity, and who accepted him in a fit of pique toward another, even after she marries again, leaving him entirely free, the austere heroine will not listen to his offer of marriage. Indeed, she carries her self-discipline so far as to be utterly unyielding after the divorced wife dies; upon the principle that the sin of loving a married man can only be expiated by refusing to him and herself the union in this life which she looks forward to in the next world."—*Home Journal.*

A better illustration could not be found of the injustice done to an author by "the lazy critic," as well as the reviewer, who has too many books to review. It should lead the reader of book notices not to depend upon the opinion of Charley X., nor any other reviewer, but to get the various works criticized, read, and judge for himself.

Next week the compiler takes up "Diana Carew," the novel of Mrs. Forrester.

COURT PRESENTATIONS.

Appearance at the British court is regarded rather as a right than a concession. In England there is no humbug about the sixteen quarterings which are, to the disgrace of human intelligence, still believed in in sundry nooks and corners of Germany. It is impossible in England to draw any sharp line as to the degree of "honorability" which qualifies a subject to be presented to his or her sovereign. There is in fact no obstacle to the presentation of any person of fair character, but that of finding a sponsor, whose decision, however, is always subject to the approval of the Lord Chamberlain.

Those whose character is, as the late Mr. Gilbert Abbott a Beckett said of the great Lord Bacon, "streaky," do well to avoid presentation altogether, for there is a dreadful process known as "gazetting out." It is awkward for Mr. and Mrs. Bull, after reading the official notice of their presentation, to see, a week or two later, that it has been "cancelled." This is a blow from which there is no recovery, as it proclaims to the world that there is "something wrong" about the individual. In mercy, the particular reasons for gazetting out are never given, but the official record is a blot not to be wiped out. It speaks well for the acuteness and industry of the Lord Chamberlain's office that gazettings out are very rare. One or two painful instances have occurred, but very few attempts are made to run the gauntlet of the Lord Chamberlain's office. The method of prevention is simple. Persons wishing to appear at court must send in their cards a certain time before levee or drawing-room. If anything be known against them, their cards are not returned to them. There is no scandal, no open exposure. The cards do not come back, and the postulant is, as it were, quietly nonsuited.

A levee is a comparatively uninteresting affair. Only on rare occasions is one held by the Queen herself, who generally deputes this part of her duty to the Prince of Wales, who gets through it very graciously and pleasantly, never forgetting to shake hands with a man he has met before. This kind of memory is a part of the prince's trade, and a very important part, as nearly affecting his personal popularity. It is therefore made a study by reigning families, and has been carried to such extraordinary perfection by the House of Hanover that it seems to be almost hereditary.

All the male vanity excited by court festivities is but a small matter compared with the ebullitions of female bosoms on these great occasions. To young Mrs. Bull, or to Miss Bull, a presentation is an awful and solemn ceremony. Having attained the age of sixteen, it is of course competent to Miss Bull to be presented by her mother. This is a simple affair, a matter of tradition, and easily got over. The presentation of a young married lady who has not previously figured at Buckingham Palace is more serious. She is of course anxious to secure the greatest lady she knows as a chaperon, and droll stories are told of the means by which that indispensable ally is retained. A son's gaming debts and a mother's milliner have before now been paid by the courtesy of chaperoning a wealthy nobody, perfectly unexceptionable in herself, but unknown to those having the entree at court. They say that old Lady Dodgebury pays the expenses of her little house in Mayfair every season, by presenting the wives and daughters of new men; but the story is probably invented by somebody who could not get the tough old dame to present her. The sponsor secured, the sacred cards are sent in, bearing on their face the names of the presentress and the presentee, and while these are scanned in the office of the Lord Chamberlain the neophyte prepares herself for the ordeal. It may be imagined that the heart of every true woman leaps at the thought of the dress she will wear. Now there is known to those initiated in the ways of courts a certain code of "ladies' rules," as they are called. They are not written in letters of gold in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, nor are they graven on tablets of lapis lazuli and built into the blue drawing-room at Buckingham Palace. They are too sacred to be committed to any viler body than the human form divine. They are the traditions, the precedents handed down by generations of the high priestesses of society, and may nowise be disobeyed. Some of the most severe may, so far as memory will serve, be enumerated. An unmarried lady must on her presentation appear in white, as must a married lady when "presented on her marriage," if that marriage be her first. It may here be noted that on the occasion of any accession of dignity, people are presented over again, whether that dignity be a title, an office, or simply that conferred by promotion to the rank of matron." On other occasions but those of presentation as a demoiselle or "on her marriage for the first time," an English woman may wear what colors she pleases—albeit "young" unmarried ladies almost invariably wear white. As to form, the Lord Chamberlain will take care that Mrs. Bull does not outrage the proprieties. She may array herself in the glaring yellow known as mandarin, in cream color, in garnet, in ruby, in celadon, in blue, or in the deep red once called Prussian's blood, but now renamed Sultan. All this latitude, and more, is allowed in color, and equal option is permitted in character, provided always that certain rules are complied with. The four angles of the courtly code are feathers, lappets, low body, and train of regulation length.

The question of the corsage is one that has aroused much discussion of late years. It has been, and will continue to be, argued, that naked necks and shoulders should not be exhibited by daylight; that, except in the case of the very young and beautifully formed, they had better not be exhibited at all; that severe colds are caught by the ladies half clothed in full dress as they sit in their carriages shivering on bitter March mornings, and so on. Sticklers for form and precedent reply that a low cut corsage is part of an Englishwoman's full dress; that she is accustomed to wear it every day at dinner, and to go out in it nearly every night of her life. Apart from the festive view here taken of existence, there is something in this objection. If Clara Vere de Vere can wear a low body to a ball, as she can and will, without reference to the anatomical construction of her shoulders and arms, why should she object to wear it when making her annual obeisance to her sovereign?

The train must be four yards long, and proportionately wide. This is not, of course, the length on the ground, for the court train is a manteau de cour, and should begin at the nape of the neck, like the dresses of the sacque order. So many ladies, however, have complained of the weight of the train pulling at their shoulders, that the severity of the rule has been slightly relaxed, and the train may now flow from the waist only. By this modification, the entire meaning and artistic beauty of the train are lost; but it has the advantage of displaying the figure more perfectly, while destroying all the character of the costume. The whole of the dress is of rich material.—The "petticoat," as the dress itself is called, is often of satin, and the train of velvet, lined with silk and profusely decorated. It may be added that it requires no small ingenuity to design a good court dress. The train is by no means of the same color as the petticoat, being properly considered as an independent garment.

More trouble than that of construction is wrapped in a court train. For some weeks, if not months, before the day of presentation, the debutante must carefully rehearse the great scene to be gone through at Buckingham Palace. An eminent teacher of dancing and deportment advertises every season that she is ready to teach ladies how to go through the trying ceremony without blundering. An old train is hitched on, and the part is practised over and over again. It is not so easy as it may seem.

On the great day itself, Mrs. Bull, who has received back her cards, undergoes an elaborate toilette, and enjoys the pleasure of being taken in the Marchioness of Bellowby's state carriage, with a state coachman, and state footman, with state bouquets, all in due form. Poor Mrs. Bull is a little fidgety, for her train has already shown signs of restiveness. She is rather chilly, too, about the shoulders, but does not like to put on wraps for fear of spoiling her head-dress, which, with its lappets and feathers and her own ruddy tresses, is altogether a wonderful, if not a fearful, edifice. As her carriage, or rather that of the Marchioness of Bellowby, falls into line, Mrs. Bull is a little abashed at the stares and rude remarks of the bobbledehoy roughs who always muster strongly on drawing-room days. At last her turn arrives, and when the carriage has deposited herself and her chaperon at the door of the palace, she finds herself suddenly in a great low-browed hall; and having left her wraps in a room which holds two cabinets fit to make a chiffonnier's mouth water, she makes her way upstairs into the first of a series of apartments, through which she has to pass on her way to the presence. Going on by degrees through door after door and barrier after barrier, she has ample leisure to admire the splendor of the blue drawing-room, and at last, after weary waiting, arrives in the white drawing-room, so-called because it is yellow. Here she is almost in the presence itself, for at the top right-hand corner is the door through which she will pass by the picture gallery into the throne room, where the Queen, having already received the diplomatic corps, is standing at some distance in front of the throne, with the royal family and the ambassadors ranged in a semicircle around her. Lady Bellowby has seen that Mrs. Bull has not forgotten her cards, and at last she finds that the moment has come. With her train thrown over her left arm, she follows her chaperon through the maze of beautiful women and sumptuous raiment which fills the white drawing-room, till she reaches the door, where, at the bidding of the royal pages, she lets her train fall to the ground. Very majestically she sweeps across the end of the magnificent picture gallery, and then she hears the name of her chaperon, and then her own, from the lips of the Lord Chamberlain himself. Now, Mrs. Bull, is your time to kiss your sovereign's hand, and to acquit yourself of that very deep curtsey you have been studying so long. You must not bend awkwardly over, Mrs. Bull, but perform a sudden genuflexion as perpendicularly and telescopically as you can, and then, bending your head forward, kiss hands gracefully. If instead of being plain Mrs. Bull, you were a peeress, or the daughter of a peer above the rank of viscount, or the wife of the eldest son of a peer, the Queen would graciously kiss you, my dear madam, instead of permitting you to kiss her hand; but, being only Mrs. Bull, you must kiss hands, and get away as best you can. Now this is the rub—the test of how much you have profited by the practice of the past few weeks. Above all things you must not turn your back on your sovereign, nor should you forget to salute the other members of the royal family as you make a well-ordered retreat. This should not be difficult. Every decently-taught man knows how to escape from the presence of ladies, without turning his back upon them. He works himself out crab-like, and finally vanishes without displaying the broad of his back, easily enough—that is, if he have no sword on. At such a moment a sword displays even more than its usual tendency to get between one's legs, but a sword is a trifle to a train. Mrs. Bull, as she works her way along, would infallibly step on her train and come to grief, were it not that delicate-handed, white-wanded pages "clear" her train, and thus permit her to make a majestic exit. She is rather flurried by this time, poor woman, and is vastly pleased to get safely out of the presence-chamber, and find that the Old Man of the Sea, the court train, once more tucked over her arm. She gives a little sigh of relief, and then has time to look about her, and admire the superb jewels and gorgeous dresses gleaming around her. Whether this exercise produces in her mind humility or envy, it is not within the province of this paper to discuss; but no sooner does she recover from the dazed feeling which oppressed her in the throne-room, than she discovers that she is very hungry, breakfast and luncheon having both been overlooked in the excitement of preparation. But it is another weary waiting before she can get to her carriage, and be driven home, faint and weary, and "clemmed" withal, but yet sustained by a subtle joy, for she has, after weeks and months of preparation, enjoyed the honor of passing nearly sixty seconds with Her Majesty.

ANONYMOUS CRITICISM.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* draws attention to Mrs. H. O. Ward's article on "Anonymous Criticism," in our columns, as follows:

An article in the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST of the 13th and 20th, entitled "Anonymous Criticism," makes quite an exposure of the kind of criticism that "Unsettled Points of Etiquette" drew down upon its author in the spring of 1873. Those persons who were interested in "Social Settlers" and "Pasteboard Politeness" (and the papers containing them sold by the thousand) may feel some interest in Mrs. H. O Ward's handling of her subject, and the notice taken of the personal allusions with which the criticisms abounded, our readers will remember that we published the essay complete. The *Nation* twice called especial attention to it, and other New York papers pronounced it one of the best treatises on that subject that had appeared up to that time. Since then, both here and in Europe, journalists have made the topic one of frequent treatment, and it may now be said to be one of the leading subjects of the day. The author of "Anonymous Criticism" is also the compiler of "Sensible Etiquette and Home Culture," published by Porter & Coates.

AT THE GATE.

BY M. S. HYDE.

At last we reached that well-known gate;
Now I must go, but lingered slightly;
The night is fair, it is not late:
She turned away and answered lightly.

"Your eyes are fairer than o'erhead
The stars," I said, and looked up at her,
And felt my heart beat with sweet dread
At my lips' first attempt to flatter.

Ah, Sue! I've made an awkward blunder;
But smoothest lips you ever knew
Could only stammer, wait and wonder
At all that's in my heart for you.

Lips that are used to gallant lies
Might speak to you with words more comely;
But hearts that feel aren't always wise,
And truest speech is often homely.

I could not help it, with that charming
Face beside me in the warm moonshine!
A rich brown curl, with such alarming
Nearness, hanging just down by mine!

Another moment at the gate
And she was mine a moment longer;
O Time! why didst not ever wait?
A cause to wait could ne'er be stronger!

A soft white hand in mine a-thrice—
A thrill shot o'er me, through and through
it;
And then——'Twas naughty, but so nice!
I'm sure we never meant to do it.

But, Time, stretch back o'er the long road
That you and I have seen together
Remember where the best is strowed,
The wintry and the sunny weather!

There's not a spot where I would wait
With richer or more sacred pleasure,
Than by that dear old moss-grown gate,
My memory's sweetest, saddest treasure.

CLARE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

CHAPTER IX.

These are the words of the telegram that Miss Priscilla takes from Clare's hand as she lies unconscious that summer afternoon:

"From Gordon Hay, Marlborough Hotel, Brighton, to Miss Colquhoun, Ainslee Court, Salford.—Come at once. Bertie has met with an accident, and is now very ill."

The poor lady is seriously distressed; she does not like to leave her niece, who is evidently very ill, and yet with her whole heart she longs to be at Bertie's side, to know the worst and to nurse him back to health. But, while she is in this state of indecision, the doctor who has called to see Clare comes out of the room looking so serious that Miss Grand begins to get alarmed, and to feel remorseful at having thought less of her danger than Bertie.

"What is it, doctor? Is she very ill?" she asks anxiously.

"I think she will be," he returns very gravely; "nothing but perfect quietness and the most careful nursing will save her from brain fever—and really in her present very weak state I shall fear the result."

"And I must not leave her?"

"On no account, madam; it would be murder—nothing less," says the doctor, as he bows himself out.

And so it happens that Gordon Hay's is the only friendly face that Bertie sees when he opens his eyes for the first time.

"Where am I? Have you come for me? Is breakfast ready?" he murmurs in a low weak voice.

"Hush, Bertie, don't talk!" says Captain Hay soothingly. "You have not been well, but you will be better soon if you keep quiet."

The boy looks up stupidly at first, but soon a gleam of intelligence flashes across his face.

"I know," he says softly. "You risked your life for mine;" and he stretches out his hand. But the exertion is too much for him, and, sighing heavily, he closes his eyes again.

All that day and through the night Gordon Hay sits beside him, chafing his hands and feet, and cooling his burning forehead with lumps of ice. But the next morning he is worse, and can scarcely speak, except in short gasps, and soon there is no longer any doubt but that he is seriously ill—indeed Bertie himself seems to know it.

"Am I going to die?" he whispers to Captain Hay, who is leaning over him.

"No, no, dear boy, surely not," is the cheery reply, but with an inward misgiving. "You must rouse yourself, and you'll pull through."

Bertie smiles sadly, but says no word; at last, however, the truth has to be admitted that not all the skill and science in the world can save him, nor the greatest effort that human strength or love can make.

The boat had struck against him several times while in the water, and has severely injured his head and chest, and the terrible shock and loss of blood together have proved too much for him. His labored breathing and utter prostration too plainly show that there can be little or no hope of his life. Bertie from the first has guessed that his case is more serious than is supposed, and seems but little affected by the knowledge; all his thoughts are centred on Clare and her illness, and his first words after he has been asleep, or silent for any length of time, are always about her.

"You know, I am only a boy, but I gave her a man's love," he says, once; and then another time he whispers, "I could be quite happy now if she were here, Gordon."

"My poor boy, for your sake I wish she were," is the sympathizing reply.

"But you are very good, Beauty, and, after all, it is best. I might not be content to die if she were beside me." And then he is silent for a time, lying quite still with tightened lips and compressed brow.

"Are you suffering, Bertie?" asks Gordon at last.

He looks up surprised.

"There is no pain in death," Bertie says quietly, "when one has nothing left to live for. Heaven is very good to take me now."

Captain Hay pushes the hair back from his forehead with a gentle, caressing movement.

"There is much I want to say," Bertie continues slowly; "and then the faintness comes again, and I forget."

"Don't try to think. Keep quite still, my boy."

"My birthday—when is it?"

"To-morrow, Bertie."

"A lawyer—my will," he says, gasping for breath.

"All right, little one, I will see to it," answers Gordon Hay soothingly, as he opens the windows wider, and holds him in his arms that he may breathe more freely.

"Gordon, pray that—I may live—till—to-morrow," he says faintly.

Very earnestly Captain Hay prays, not only that the boy's life may be spared one day, but for many years. "He is young," he thinks regretfully, as he watches him lying half asleep, half unconscious, with his hands grasping his chest, as though striving to mitigate the pain.

Early in the morning Bertie asks again for the lawyer.

"At once—let him come to me at once, while I am feeling better!" he cries impatiently.

"It is only five o'clock; wait a little longer," remonstrates Gordon.

"No, no—let him come now," he says half petulantly; and then, with a flash of his old merriment—"you know, Gordon, it would not be legal to die without a lawyer."

Then he is opposed no longer.

An hour later the lawyer arrives, but Bertie has already relapsed into his former listless state, and scarcely seems to understand that he lives. At last he raises himself on his pillow and looks round the room to see if they are alone. The lawyer dips his pen into the ink, and leans forward to take his instructions.

"Write," says the boy hoarsely, "that I wish to leave all my property—half my money—to my cousin Clare Colquhoun. Write that first."

The pen travels rapidly over the paper for a few minutes, and then stops.

"And the rest—the other half—to Gordon Hay—my friend—that nothing may be between them."

"My dear sir, pardon me, but——"

"Write," says Bertie feverishly; "write quickly."

And so the words are written down as they are spoken, and presently everything is set forth in proper order, and only Bertie's signature is wanting. Captain Hay and the landlord came in as witnesses, and stand beside his bed silently.

"Do you wish to sign it now?" asks the lawyer.

"Yes, now—at once. Hold me up, Gordon."

Gordon quickly steps forward and supports the dying boy in his arms while he traces his signature in a scarcely legible scrawl.

"Be good to her, Beauty. Heaven bless you both!" he says huskily; and then his head falls back on Gordon Hay's shoulder, and his last coherent words are spoken. For another hour he lies in the greatest pain, struggling and fighting for breath, and gasping out disconnected words and sentences in a shrill and changed voice; and then, after a time, he is quiet, being too weak and exhausted to move. But his breath comes fainter and fainter, and at longer intervals, and all feel that the end is not far off. Just once he opens his eyes, and a tender smile plays round his mouth.

"Kiss me, Clare," he whispers; and Gordon stoops down and presses his lips so tenderly on the dying boy's forehead.

"My Clare—dear Clare!" he murmurs again, and with this name on his lips breathes his last.

The landlord, who has been standing by silently, steps forward and lays a soft handkerchief gently over his face.

"Poor lad, poor lad!" he mutters in a low, strained voice. The tears are standing in his eyes, and he dashes them away hastily, as though half ashamed of displaying such emotion; but Gordon Hay leans forward, and takes his hand in his, grateful for his sympathy.

"It is all over," says the lawyer quietly, as he gathers up his papers, and re-arranges them in his usual methodical fashion. To him these scenes are so frequent that he has long since ceased to feel the painfulness of them, and in fact he is far more concerned at the irregular wording of the will he has been drawing up than at his young client's death.

"Yes, it is all over," echoes Gordon sorrowfully. There is nothing now to keep him in, and he turns from the bed and goes slowly downstairs and out of the hotel. Utterly dispirited, with downcast head and dejected mein, he wanders down to the water's edge, almost to the very spot where a few days before Bertie had been carried ashore, senseless from exhaustion. He sits down on a piece of timber that was lying there, and for the first time has leisure to think of all that has happened since he has been at Brighton—of the misery of those first days, when his whole heart had been full of Clare and of his love for her, when for friendship's sake and for his own honor he had sacrificed every hope that had lately brightened his life. It had seemed then that nothing worse could befall him, but now all thoughts of love seem to be blotted out by the solemnity of death. The past is as a dream, a sad, pitiful dream, half forgotten in the waking fact that Bertie—noble, lovable Bertie, with his beautiful face and winsome ways—is dead.

"If it had only been me," he cries aloud in his excitement, "for whom nobody cares, and for whom no one would grieve."

He shudders at the sound of his own voice, and turns round nervously to see if any one is near, but only the washing of the waves is to be heard, and only the bright, restless seagulls are to be seen as they sweep across the horizon, and hover over the stormy ocean. Then comes the thought of how Clare will suffer when she knows that he who was to have been her husband is gone from her for ever; and, when he thinks of how she will weep and mourn for him, he is almost tempted to envy the dead.

But Bertie had not been happy; he had had some secret trouble that had undermined the happiness of his last days; and Gordon wonders if this had anything to do with Clare and his engagement. A hand rests for a moment timidly on his shoulder, and, turning round, he sees the old boatman who had helped to rescue Bertie from the waves.

"Begging your pardon, sir, for troubling you," he commences rather unhesitatingly.

"What is it?" asks Gordon wearily.

"Well, sir, it was the young gentleman I wanted to ask about," answers the man, fingering his hat about uneasily—"the young gentleman that had the upset, you know, sir; I was wondering what had happened to him."

"The very worst has happened—he is dead."

"I feared it, sir; but I've been that unsettled I could do nothing; and what with having no boat, and nothing whatever in the shape of work, I seemed to brood on it like."

"So you lost your boat?"

"Ay, but bless you sir, that don't matter; a boat ain't of as much account as a man's life—and he was one of the finest young fellows I ever d'd see. I hadn't ought to have let him go on such a morning."

"It was no fault of yours."

"Nor of yours either, sir, I'll be bound, for you did your best to save him, and at a fearful risk," says the boatman earnestly. "He was a brother of yours likely?"

"No, he was my friend."

And then, out of his not over-full purse, Gordon Hay produces two or three bank-notes, which he gives to the honest fisherman to replace the boat that had been his only source of maintenance; and, leaving him overcome with gratitude, he walks back slowly to the hotel. The lawyer is standing near the table in his sitting-room, and before him are strewn letters and papers of all sorts, near to a large writing-desk.

"I have been waiting for you, sir," he says in his usual slow, measured accents, seeing that Captain Hay looks a little surprised to find him there. "As the nearest friend of the deceased, I wish to formally make over to you all documents that have been found among his effects or on his person."

"Am I to read them?"

"That is as you choose; it is not absolutely necessary—only it would be as well to look over them; and as the nearest relative is a maiden aunt, I think the duty ought to devolve on you, as being more suitable."

"If it is necessary, I will do it."

"It is safer; though as a rule a young man's papers generally consist of bills and love-letters only," says the lawyer, with a grim smile.

Captain Hay does not answer, save by a haughty bend of the head, which the other rightly interprets as a dismissal, for with a prim legal-looking bow, he leaves the room, and Gordon is left alone.

He draws a chair to the table, and with a slight tinge of awe separates the numberless bills, receipts, notes of invitation, and other things from the letters that seem of a merely personal character. There are closely written budgets of local news from Miss Grand, and long rambling epistles from Mr. Colquhoun, and then there are some short notes from Clare, which are tied together with a ribbon, and nearly falling to pieces with being read over so often. These Gordon Hay touches very reverently; but, as he lays them gently on one side, he cannot help noticing that they commence and finish like the letters of a mere acquaintance, and are not couched in the endearing terms that a woman would naturally use to the man she loved and was about to marry. A strange contradictory feeling arises in his heart, and for a moment he is indignant that Bertie's true, patient love should have evoked no answering passion.

The bulk of the letters are soon sorted; and now nothing remains but the desk and a small pocket-book, which the poor boy who is dead had always carried about with him; and, as Gordon opens the former, he sees a letter addressed to himself lying on the top. He opens it eagerly, and reads the following words, which are traced in irregular characters:

"DEAR GORDON:—I have been thinking all night how best to tell you what with the express purpose of saying I came to Brighton; I do not think I dare trust myself to speak of it, for the wound is so recent, and I am so new to pain, that I might not bear it bravely, as a soldier. I have been a sad bungler, and it never entered my head before that you too loved Clare so dearly; but last night I saw it clearly, and my selfishness in sending you away comes plainly before me. It is I, who should have gone—I whom she never loved, whom she never would have loved, even if she had never met you, for it is you that she loves, and has loved from the beginning. I have been very blind, wickedly blind, to all but my own feelings—my own love for her; but perhaps some day when all this is long forgotten, you will forgive me, and win my pardon from her too. If I have come between you, believe me it was unknowingly, and in thoughtlessness only. I shall go away for a time, but scarcely know whither yet. Everything seems confused, and nothing certain, but my loss, which is your gain. Be good to her, Beauty; and I thank Heaven that, since she could not love me, it is you who have won her heart. Goodbye, my good, faithful friend, and may Heaven be with you both.

"BERTIE."

Gordon drops the letter and buries his face in his hands. He knows all now; and the nobleness of the boy in ignoring the sacrifice he has made, and his generosity in blaming himself for all that has happened, touches him deeply.

That he possesses the love of Clare, and is now free to woo her, seems a joy that is far off, and, arising as it does from the death and sorrow of his friend, it is a joy that must be subdued and put aside until a more fitting season. Now all that comes home to him is that Bertie is dead, and that his last words were those of self-renunciation.

By-and-by he opens the pocket-book, but there is nothing in it but a dried piece of maiden-hair fern and the withered stalk of a geranium. These he takes up tenderly, and, when he has placed the papers in proper order, he carries the former upstairs to the room where Bertie lies. He hides them under the thin, cold hands that are crossed so meekly upon his breast, and then he kneels down beside the bed, and for the second time that day kisses the white forehead of the dead boy.

CHAPTER X.

They bury Bertie in the quiet cemetery at Salford, and plant lovely flowers on the grassy mound above him; but only a simple cross tells his name and the date of his decease. His sorrows are over, and, now he has gone to his long rest, it would avail him little that men should read of his past sufferings and the nobleness and goodness which are ever present with those who mourn his loss.

Clare is inconsolable at his death, and blames herself bitterly for it. She is only just getting better from her illness when the news comes, and the shock is so great that she has a relapse, and is thrown back once more into the danger from which she has so lately escaped. Then, when slowly recovering her health, the idea seems to fasten upon her that she alone is responsible for what has happened, and in her present weak state this seriously retards her recovery—and her aunt's constant presence is not calculated to dispel her gloom.

Miss Grand for a long time refuses to be comforted, but gradually, as the violence of her grief abates, she commences to think gratefully of the young man who had risked his life to save her nephew's, and had so tenderly cared for him to the last. Her first act is to send for Captain Hay, and, while listening to all he tells her about the poor boy who is dead, her whole heart seems to go out to him, and after this she is never so happy and contented as when he is there.

With a woman's logic she rather naturally concludes that what has soothed her own sorrow may have some power to mitigate the misery of her niece; and so, directly Clare is able to come down to the drawing-room, she begs Gordon Hay to visit her, and endeavor to disabuse her mind of the idea that possesses it, and to rouse her from the dangerous apathy that has lately fallen over her. At first he demurs; but, when Miss Priscilla makes a point of it, he gives in, and suffers himself to be led upstairs. She opens the door very gently, and, when he is safely in, closes it and goes down again to await the result.

Clare is resting on a couch, with her back to the window, and her eyes are directed straight before her, having seemingly not heard the door open.

Gordon gazes at her earnestly, and a sharp pain goes straight to his heart as he sees the alteration that a few weeks have made. Her eyes look unnaturally large and sunken, and her face is so pinched and transparent that her hair seems almost too heavy for her to bear, as it hangs about her shoulders in uncared-for profusion.

"Clare!" he cries excitedly, stepping forward.

She turns her eyes slowly upon him, and not even the faintest of flushes suffuses her pale cheeks as she sees who it is. She is not even surprised, and only wonders vaguely whether any fresh ill has befallen any one. The blood that has been surging so wildly in Gordon Hay's veins, as he looks once more upon the woman he loves, seems suddenly stayed in its course, and he turns very white.

"My poor child," he says very gently, and draws nearer to her.

Her eyes drop, and with a nervous caressing little movement she strokes the rug that is covering her.

"Why are you here?" she says very slowly.

"To see you—to comfort you," he answers earnestly.

"Comfort me!"

The words are spoken so bitterly and with such utter scorn that Captain Hay shudders.

"Hush, hush, Clare!" he says almost sternly. "No one should ever grieve like that."

She does not seem vexed, and only looks up at him as he stands over her, with a sort of pity in her glance which seems to imply that he could never fathom the depth of a sorrow that was heightened by remorse.

"How can you measure the bounds of grief, and how can you mete out comfort for a trouble, like mine?" she says calmly.

He kneels down beside her and takes her hand.

"Clare, dear child," he pleads anxiously, "weep if you will, but do not—do not talk like this."

She draws away her hand.

"I am a child no longer," she says. "I am a woman now, by right of my woman's woe."

"Clare, be comforted for my sake," he continues earnestly, and his voice falters with emotion.

But she does not move, and looks so stoutly beyond him, that Gordon commences to fear for her reason—her stolid despair seems so unnatural. Once again he strives to plead with her, and leans over, and with trembling fingers smooths back her hair.

"For Bertie's sake," he whispers.

A shiver passes through her, and then for the first time she seems moved at his words.

"You must not speak of him to me," she says quickly.

"Why not? We were his friends, and he loved us."

"He loved me, but I betrayed him; I was false to myself and to him."

"Even if that were true, he forgave you."

"He was always very good, and forgave soon."

"And loved you to the last."

"Ah! Go on!"

A sweet smile has crept over her face, and she raises herself to listen.

"His last words were of you. 'Dear Clare,' he said, and then again, 'kiss me, Clare.'"

"And I was not there!"

"No, but I leaned down and kissed him in your stead, and he never knew—he died happy."

"Thank Heaven!" she murmurs.

"He was buried with a flower that you gave him on his breast. I found it in his pocket-book, and placed it where I knew he would have wished."

The tears are gathering in her eyes, and her lips tremble.

"Did he suffer much?" she asks.

"I do not think so; and he was so patient, so uncomplaining."

She is weeping now—not stormily or passionately, but quietly, as though each tear that falls is a load from off her heart, and as though by these flood-gates of her woe being at last opened, gaining a relief beyond all expression.

Gordon Hay waits silently, and when at last she is calmer, he rises to go, but she stops him.

"Tell me everything about it," she says.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VANITY.—From time immemorial, woman has called art to assist her in enhancing the charms of nature. Painting the face was common as early as the fourteenth century; and we find it alluded to by Shakspeare in "Love's Labor Lost." Hamlet's reproof is doubtless familiar to all: "I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you have made yourself another." No respectable woman dared paint her face as long as the commonwealth existed, but the practice was revived during the reign of Charles II. It is said that the husband of Lady Coventry—a belle of Horace Walpole's time, used to chase her round the dinner-table with a wet napkin, that he might remove the superfluous color from her cheeks. This lady actually died from the evil effects of powders and paint. The Elizabeth an age was sometimes spoken of as the "age of cosmetics." The beaux of that day used the art as well as the ladies. Wine was considered a great beautifier, and we read of the wine bath. The Earl of Shrewsbury complained of the Queen of Scots, that her wine-bath was a great expense. Milk was also used in the same way. Then there were preparations for concealing bad complexions, removing superfluous hair, etc., just as there are at the present time.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—Somebody who seems to have tried it says: "The last method we have heard of for curing cases of pure sleeplessness, when unaccompanied by pain or disease, is the following: Get out of bed and take a linen bandage, although a handkerchief neatly folded longwise will do as well, perhaps better. Dip one-half of the handkerchief into water; pass the wet portion around the wrist; over this lay the dry half and tuck in the ends so as to make all secure. Lie down again. The wet bandage will be found to exercise a most soothing influence on the pulse; this will soon extend all over the nervous system, and calm, refreshing sleep will be the result."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FAT AND BRAINS.—Fat is a larger constituent of brain and nerve tissue than phosphorus, and science now teaches that fatty foods when digested will do more than fish to recuperate an overworked brain.

NEW CEMENT.—A cement made of glycerine and litharge hardens rapidly and makes a durable cement upon iron or stone. It is insoluble and not attacked by acids.

FLUIDS IN DROPSY.—The old practice of restricting the amount of fluids taken by dropsical patients has been revived at one of the London hospitals with asserted good results.

DRESSING FOR WOUNDS.—Tincture of benzoin is highly lauded as a simple and most effective dressing for fresh wounds. Its application is much more healing to a recent wound than either water dressings or any form of fat.

TO REMOVE RUST.—Nitric acid of the ordinary commercial strength will remove iron rust from either glass or earthenware. It may be applied by means of a rag tied on the end of a stick, great care being taken that the acid does not touch the skin or clothing.

ROACH BANE.—A mixture of red lead, Indian meal, and molasses will be eagerly eaten by them and will soon exterminate them. Paris green, phosphorus, or arsenic are sometimes used, but are very dangerous. Borax, to which cockroaches have a great antipathy will drive them away.

CIGAR TEST.—A cigar, properly made and in good condition, should be elastic to the pressure of the fingers, emitting a slight crackling sound when so pinched. This crepitation heard when pinching a cigar close to the ear, is with many smokers a favorable test of the character of a cigar, as it certainly is of its condition.

BURNING GLYCERINE.—Glycerine—which is very cheap and has the property of not becoming volatile at a high temperature—may, says an eminent French authority, be burnt in the ordinary lamps so long as the flame is kept on a level with the liquid, for its consistence prevents its ascending the wick. It burns with a white flame, and, when combined with substances rich in carbon, has sufficient illuminating power.

POISONOUS WALL PAPER.—Something should be done to stop the manufacture and use of poisonous wall paper. Formerly suspicion fell on green wall paper only, and there was a certain reason for this, because there is really not the slightest excuse for using arsenic in even the brilliant colors of any other shade than green. Paper-stainers, we are told, have found that it is such an unusually profitable practice that now they are not content to use arsenic in green wall-papers only, but are introducing it into even the palest white drawing-room papers, and especially into those which have an enameled ground.

A HUMAN ANALYSIS.—Dr. Lancaster, of London, recently analyzed a man, and presented the results of his investigation in palpable form to his audience during a chemical lecture. The body operated upon weighed 185.4 lbs. The lecturer exhibited upon the platform 38.1 lbs. carbon, 2.3 lbs. lime, 22.8 ozs. phosphorus, and about 1 oz. each sodium, iron, potassium, magnesium, and silicon. He apologized for not exhibiting 5,595 cubic feet of oxygen, weighing 121 lbs.; 105,900 cubic feet of hydrogen, weighing 15.4 lbs., and 52 cubic feet of nitrogen, likewise obtained from the body, on account of their great bulk. All of these elements combine into the following: 121 lbs. water, 16.5 lbs. gelatin, 32 lbs. fat, 8-8 lbs. fibrin and albumen, 7-7 lbs. phosphate of lime, and other mineral substances.

SUMMER PICNICS.—One of the greatest charms of the summer season is the many facilities it offers for out-door enjoyments. There are very few people—even of the least romantically inclined—for whom the forest, ocean, or lakeside do not possess most attractive features of novelty and interest when seen in the grandeur and glory of the year's brightest time. There is a subtle something in the pleasant pure breezes, the deep shade of the woods, the mighty song of the sea, or the gentle murmur of lake and river in summer, that sets every chord in man's nature in harmony with his surroundings.

It is due to this feeling that the excursion and picnic have apparently always been essential to man's social happiness. These agreeable events serve as a poetic festooning for the more sombre months, and in either anticipation or recollection live as the oases of the year. Their importance too, as auxiliaries in the great works of health, happiness, love, etc., have hitherto been and now are properly recognized in all the nations of the world.

To provide for this necessity there are hundreds upon hundreds of summer resorts in every part of the country. But owing to the attending expense, distance, or other considerations, many of them lack what may be justly termed popularity. Our own city and State, however, in this respect are particularly fortunate. All the leading watering places are within easy access for those disposed to visit them, while many resorts of more modest pretensions offer their attractions to the million.

One of the latest that has come into notice, and at the same time one of the prettiest of them all, is to be found at Hammonton Park and lake, near Hammonton, N. J., on the line of the Camden & Atlantic R. R., and about thirty miles from Philadelphia. The lake is a beautiful sheet of spring water, extending in its windings near a mile and a half, with an average breadth of a quarter of a mile. The country around it is very lovely, and along its northern border are located some of the finest modern residences and gardens of Hammonton. Favored by an open winter, the members of the Hammonton Park Association have worked with a will ever since last fall to improve their grounds, lying contiguous to and embracing a portion of the lake, until now a better spot for a summer picnic or excursion would be hard to find. A large neat building for shelter and dancing, boat houses on the lake, with plenty of boats for rowing and sailing, summer houses and rustic seats in the woods and on the banks, plenty of bass in the lake to afford fine sport to the fishermen—these are some of the attractions of the resort. A special station on the railroad will land excursionists within five minutes' walk of the park, and, with all the accommodations of the Camden and Atlantic railroad, there can be no doubt that during the coming summer thousands of visitors will enjoy a trip to this beautiful place.

THE wolf changes his hair every year, but remains a wolf.

FACETIÆ

—"Wind mills"—A wordy dispute.

—"A hand-press"—A friendly shake.

—Rye whiskey is made in a crooked still.

—A letter carrier—The printer's type case.

—As a rule the dentist "looks down in the mouth."

—*Tempus fugit.* Free translation—Time for flies.

—The soapmaker can always tell a lie when he sees it.

—"Post no bills"—Send them by collector or take them yourself.

—Ships may not be seeking purchasers, and yet they are always for sail.

—They call them "limbs of the law"—because they are members of the legal fraternity.

—The civic motto of Reading, Pa., which is famous for its lager, should be "beer and for beer."

—Cincinnati proudly boasts that if the whole West is the granary, she is certainly the "larder" of America.

—In courting avoid extremes. One in particular to be avoided is what gives the father's boot shape and substance.

—According to the eternal laws of finance mint dollars and mint juleps are interconvertible in the rate of four to one.

—A very expressive compound word among the Chinese is termed "chin-chin." It is probably something akin to American "cheek-cheek."

—In consequence of the prevalence of Easter egg-nogg lately, the supply of headache in the market at present is much in excess of the demand.

—It is a trifle strange, but in this world of civilization bummers who never do anything useful at all, are very often found in the van—the prison van.

—Real cannibals have been found in New Ireland in the South Pacific Ocean. Now the allusion to a "broth of a boy" can be clearly understood.

—Life insurance agents always put up the premium in those cases where the subject is addicted to writing and inflicting editors with Spring poetry.

—There is really no similarity between a man's catching fish and a woman's years, only if asked how many, they are equally likely to prevaricate about it.

—Poverty has every right to hold its head up proudly, for there is nothing contemptible in "hard labor," unless it is a part of a four years' sentence to the "jug."

—We are the creatures of circumstances and sink or rise with them. This latter is particularly the case if the circumstance influencing us happens to be a mule's hind leg.

—Female barberism is becoming an institution in Boston. It is only in the case of shaving or shampooing that it is a pleasant matter to have a business woman grab you by the hair.

—An instance of this country's rapidly growing tendency to conservatism is seen in the fact that the labor question in its various phases bothers the average tramp this season as little as ever.

—The time is here when by a copious but injudicious use of ice cream with his girl, the young man of the period will have recalled to his memory the green apples, colic and stummy cakes of his boyhood.

—Modern investigation seems to show that the reason Lot's wife turned around and looked back in the city of the plain business, was because another woman passed by just then with a new Spring suit on.

—The newest fashion in hairpins is partly made up of diamonds. Despite the female love for jewels it is not likely that they will be in favor with wives who find them clinging to their husband's coat-collars.

—The medicinal qualities of Spring hats and new suits have never received consideration in any pharmacopeia, but nothing is more effectual in producing healthy effects in those households possessed of families of girls.

—Occasionally we see traveling around accounts of the "last words" of great men. It is strange, however, that we find no reference to the "last words" of women, for it is a truth, as every one knows, that they always have them.

—They ought to give the first strawberries names after the great diamonds—such as Kohinoor, Sancy, etc., in order that people generally might thereby get something like an adequate idea of the fortune required to buy one.

—It is only a certain kind of unhappy experience that makes some youths say of the girls at the end of the ice cream season, that if a misguided worm should attempt to feed on their damask "cheek," it would get starved in the attempt.

—It is a popular fancy of lovers concerning their darlings that they are all beauty, goodness, and truth. In order that this last feature may remain intact, it is as well not to show any particular anxiety about ascertaining or inquiring for her age.

—When Job wished his enemy had written a book, he referred to a cook-book. No individual receives an unlimitedly the maledictions of dyspepsia-suffering mankind as he who invents and publishes recipes for new dishes or aids to indigestion.

—It does not imply the less respect or reverence for intellect and great attainments because many intelligent and cultured people at the present day would prefer the autograph of a leading banker or capitalist at the bottom of a check, to one of the three original signatures of Shakespeare.

—If there was no law against murder, it is almost morally certain that the little brothers who persist in staying in the parlor Sunday nights when her beau comes, and repeat all that's said at unexpected intervals during the next week, would suddenly become less numerous by hundreds of thousands.

—A simple test for people suspected of hydrophobia is as follows: Let a bar-tender of a hot day when a much flushed and heated individual enters and calls for gin, put out a glass of water instead. It will be observed that the party will raise the glass to his lips and no further. If he has the hydrophobia he cannot do this. The time for him to get "mad" is generally afterwards.

FIRST A COLD, AND THEN ANOTHER ON TOP OF IT, until the accompanying Cough became settled and confirmed—is the sad story of many a Consumptive. How much better to use that safe curative, Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, on the first appearance of danger, when the symptoms may be easily controlled!

UNNUMBERED GRAVES.

You hill-side with its chalk-like gleaming white
Bathed in the glory of the setting sun,
Holds many a grave where, hidden from our sight,
Some loved one sleeps, life's toil and labor done.
But there are graves over whose slumbering mould
No polished marble rears its stately head,
And where no fragrant flowers above unfold
To waken pity for the quiet dead.

These are the graves deep down within our hearts,
Where lie the hopes and dreams of early years,
Buried from sight, but signalled by such marks
As only can be made by blood and tears—
Some early love that crowned us in our youth
And made life glorious for a short sweet hour—
Some cherished promise, robbed of strength and truth,
Crushed in the morning of its new-born power.

Here is the spot where memory has engraved
The form and face of one we called a friend:
One for whose welfare we would e'en have braved
Censure and heartache to the bitter end.
But 'twas not wisely done, and so we draw
Before the treachery of the smiling eyes
A heavy veil. The cold world, if it saw,
Would proffer pity in a thousand lies.

So life goes on. We lay the forms away
Of things we loved not wisely but too well,
And in the lapse of years we learn to stay
The fretful chanting of their funeral knell;
We learn to smile before the smiling throng,
Although the adder's fangs be deeply set;
And both, perhaps, our voices in the song,
To soothe the pain we never can forget.

And thus we learn to envy the calm rest
Of those who sleep beneath the silent sod;
Bound with life's galling chains, we know 'tis best
To bend our heads and pass beneath the rod.
And when we see some mourners heavy clad
In robes of black, haggard, with tear-dimmed eye,
We know their lives would be more bright and glad
Could they but reason—it is life to die.

Mourn not the slumbering dead, but rather say,
Blest are the sleepers. Years may come and go;
Heads that are brown and gold may turn to gray;
But they are done with earth and tears and woe.
Somewhere, we know, beyond the world of stars,
They will at last have found sweet Lethe's stream;
Some time we'll meet them at God's judgment bar
Where life is love, and love one long true dream.

THE NEMESIS OF LOVE.

By Clementine Montagu.

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," "JASPER ONSLOW'S WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"I am glad to hear it—very glad. He will not hanker after Ferndale Hollow now. He gave me, as I said, two reasons for wishing to buy it. One was a very natural one; the bit of ground on which the Hollow stands cuts an irregular corner out of his estate, which is a thing no gentleman likes to see on his map. The other reason was purely personal and sentimental: he wanted the Hollow as a memento of one whom he was pleased to say was the only woman he ever loved—the woman for whose sake he had been an exile for a long time. He is an honorable man, is the Duke of Castletowers, and would not tempt another man's wife to forget her duty. There's no knowing what might have happened, but the lady died. That he loves her memory I am well aware; it may be better for him that he has nothing of Hilda Sforza but her memory."

"Hilda Sforza!"

Mark Douglas had spoken half to himself, as it seemed, in a dreamy sort of way, and the lieutenant echoed his words in amazement.

"Was that her name?" he asked.

"Yes. Have you heard the story?"

"I have heard of her, and seen her too. But the duke has got more of her than a name, Mr. Douglas; he has the fair lady herself."

"Has—her!

The words were strangely spoken, in a queer, gasping tone, as though Mr. Douglas had something in his throat.

"Yes, her very self," the young man replied. "There's quite a romance in the business altogether. She came out, disguised in a black wig and a brown skin, in the same ship that I did, and called herself Miss Chantrelle. I should never have known her, but she sang a song I once heard her sing in her father's studio in Rome; and then I 'spotted' her at once. The duke has found his old love again, and he's going to marry her almost directly."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NEWS.

Hear ye not the hour
Of mighty workings?—*Æschylus.*

Mark Douglas turned his head sharply as Lieutenant Cartaret spoke, and looked out of the window.

"I'm always afraid of those wretched children coming to grief," he said, pointing to a group of more than half naked urchins tumbling over one another perilously close to the verge of the khud, on the top of which the bungalow stood. "I suppose my nerves are terribly weak, for it gives me what the old women call 'a turn' when I see any of them tumble as that little wretch did just now. I beg your pardon, I don't think I quite caught your last sentence."

"I was talking of our colonel's marriage."

"Yes; but whom did you say he was going to marry?"

"The very lady he had loved so long—the woman whose portrait he has had in his room ever since he came to India. The niggers say he worships it. I have heard them say that the picture on the ivory table was the sahib's god, and that Abdoul—that's his favorite servant—has been seen praying to it. I'm sure I hope it may turn out well; but the woman's an adventuress, and between you and me, Mr. Douglas, I believe she's a bad lot."

Mark Douglas stared in a dreamy sort of way at the young man.

"They say everything is ordained for our good," he said, in a strange, bitter tone. "If this be as you say, it seems difficult to believe that a just and good God can portion out to a worthy young man, such as I think the Duke of Castletowers must be, such a destiny as a lifetime of companionship with a wicked woman."

"I don't know that's she's wicked," said the lieutenant, rather aghast at the energy with which Mark Douglas had spoken; "but I doubt her. I don't think any woman of pure motives would have reason to disguise herself as she has done. If she knew the duke loved her, why did she not write to him, and come after him, if she must come, in her own proper person? I'm a careless fellow myself, and oughtn't to talk of women maybe, but I know what I should like to see in my sister or wife, if ever I am fortunate enough to get one."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Of what?"

"Of the lady's identity."

"As sure as I am of my own. Hilda Sforza is not a woman to be forgotten. I used to be about her father's studio in Rome a good deal, when I was idling there with my mother and sister, and I saw her very often. She was her father's model for a picture called 'Circe,' which would have made his fortune if the poor fellow hadn't died suddenly. I knew her again in an instant when she sang, though I believe she told some cock and bull story about having learnt the song from the music master who used to teach at the school where she was educated in America. I don't believe she was ever in America in her life. You look dreadfully pale, Mr. Douglas; I'm afraid you have cut your thumb more than you thought at first."

"I don't think I have—I can scarcely feel it. Am I looking paler than usual?"

"You look like death."

"I've been as near it, that I have caught the shadow of it, I suppose. I have been as near the threshold of the next world as a man can go and live, Mr. Cartaret. What day is this marriage of the duke's to take place?"

"In a few days—that's all the news I have."

"I must get there before it comes off."

"Get there?"

"Yes; to Cawnpore. I must see the duke before he is married."

"You know something, then, that will stand in the way? You know the lady, maybe?"

"I only know what you have told me; but I have something I must say to your colonel before he is a married man, if I say it on the very steps of the altar."

Lieutenant Cartaret pulled his moustache, and stared at his friend in unfeigned amazement.

"Is a bit touched in the head?" he thought to himself; "fever does do that very often. What the deuce has he got to do with the duke and Hilda Sforza?"

"No, I'm not mad, my boy," said Mark Douglas, answering his thought as if he had spoken; "and the lady in question is nothing to me—nothing—less than nothing," he added, with a strange bitterness. "But marriage affects property, you know, and stranger as I am to the duke, I know of something which is of the utmost importance to him. Once married, my intelligence would be worse than useless."

"Ah, it's a money matter, then," the young man said, though his face still wore a puzzled look. "You looked so ill and strange that I thought——"

"You thought that the duke was appropriating my ladylove, and that I wanted to go to Cawnpore and forbid the banns. You built up quite a little romance on the spot, did you not?"

"Well, I confess I did. I thought that you had known Hilda Sforza, maybe, and knew something that would stop the marriage. I wish you did."

"Do you want the lady yourself? Has Circe bewitched you?"

"No; though I verily believe she has every one else. You can have no idea of her beauty. It is almost unearthly."

"I can imagine it. I know from experience what havoc a woman's wiles can work in a man's heart, and how she can betray and abandon him; but it is not on woman's account that I want to see the Duke of Castletowers before he is married, but my own. I think I do feel ill after all, Mr. Cartaret. I——"

His voice died away in a hoarse whisper, and his head sank.

The lieutenant dashed some water into his face from a chatty that stood on a side table, and put some wine to his white lips. He did not faint. The spasm, or whatever it was, passed off, though it left him looking like a corpse.

"I am as weak as a baby," he murmured. "I can bear nothing—not even a cut finger."

"You've been so awfully pulled down, you know," the young officer said, sympathizingly, "it's no wonder. Now, tell me what can I do for you."

"Help me off for Cawnpore, my boy. I must go, and at once."

Lieutenant Cartaret was good natured and willing, and very curious to boot, and he promised willingly.

"Shall I come with you?" he asked. "My time's my own for two months yet."

"No, I'd rather go alone," Mr. Douglas replied. "If I am too late, as I may be, you will have had a long, tedious journey for nothing."

"And what will you do?"

"Just what I intended to do before. Start for home at once. It will not alter my plans in the least."

Whatever mystery there was, it was not for the lieutenant to fathom. He helped Mr. Douglas all he could in his preparations, and saw him start off on his journey, but he never came any nearer the solution of the mystery.

"He's either mad, or he knows that woman," he said to himself. "I think he's crazy. He's fresh from America, and old enough to be her father—it can't be that. Hilda Sforza's not the woman ever to have taken up with an elderly man, unless he was rolling in riches."

How Mark Douglas reached Cawnpore, and what he heard there, we must leave to the future for awhile, and flit across the sea to Castletowers, where Mr. Caterham reigned in solitary state over a dreary and empty palace.

She was a thoroughly good housekeeper. She and her little staff kept the great house aired, and everything was clean and in order. Fires were lit in turn in all the rooms, and daylight and fresh air were let in, so that none of the damp mouldiness so apparent in some shut up houses. She felt very lonely as she flitted about the great rooms and caught the reflection of her figure in the long pier glasses. She began to feel as though she must give it all up and go home to Caterham.

She was an old woman now, and her master's house was deserted by the family, and her life was very dreary. She began to look about her to find some one to take her place, and meditated what she should say to the duke's lawyers about it. It was a terrible task to her to write a business letter. The very thought of it made her nervous, and she put it off from day to day, till an event occured which put it out of her head altogether.

She was sitting at the window of her comfortable parlor one morning when she heard wheels coming up the avenue, and in a very few minutes her little maid, an importation from the village school, came to say that she was wanted.

In the hall she found a gentleman and two men, looking like superior workmen. She looked at them inquiringly, and the gentleman spoke—

"You know my business, madam, of course," he said, handing her his card.

She took it, and read the name of a great furnishing firm with whom the duke, and his father before him, had dealt for years.

"I have come down to look over the rooms and make an estimate of what his grace wishes done," he went on. "He has given us very little time. Everything has to be completed in a month from this date."

Mrs. Caterham rubbed her eyes and stared at the speaker, wondering whether she were awake or dreaming.

"I don't think I quite understand," she said. "What work is to be done?"

"I understood his grace had written to you, madam; indeed, he says so in his letter to us."

"I have not heard from him for several weeks, directly. I have heard of him through Lady Euphemia; but her ladyship makes no mention of any alterations or repairs to be undertaken here."

"Most probably because her ladyship knows nothing about it."

"Will you please come to my room and explain it all? I am an old woman, and very little flurries me. I can't understand what you mean yet."

The upholsterer, for such he was, though the head of a wealthy firm, and a gentleman, saw how she was trembling, and bidding his men wait, courteously followed her to her own room.

"I was under the impression that you knew of our coming," he said. "The duke distinctly says he has written to you. I am to go over the rooms and touch up everything in the house—two or three are to be entirely refurnished."

"Is he coming home—my dear young master?"

"Directly; I am afraid he will be here before we are finished."

"But what has altered his plans?"

"Love, my dear madam; he is going to be married."

"Married!"

"So he says."

"To whom?"

"Ah, there he has not taken us into his confidence. He will be, doubtless, more explicit with you. You will hear by the next mail. There is the letter we received; you see we have his orders under his own hand."

But poor Mrs. Caterham was far in too much of a flurry to be able to read the duke's letter for herself—her visitor was obliged to read it for her. There could be no possible mistake. The duke stated that he was going to be married immediately—that he should be home on a given date, and that he requested Messrs. Tacket and Vernon to go down to Castletowers at once, and commence alterations and improvements in the furniture and fitting of the house as stated below. Then followed a clear, succinct epitome of all he required, which plainly showed that he kept all details well in his head, and remembered exactly in what way his house was arranged. His mother's boudoir was to be entirely refurnished—the prevailing color to be blue. And there were orders given about bedrooms and dressing rooms, to say nothing about the drawing rooms, which plainly showed that fem nine taste had directed part, at any rate, of the duke's decision.

"I should say that he must be going to marry some one with money and position," the upholsterer said. "He has been so evidently dictated to by a woman in much of this, and I should judge by the order that the lady is of fair complexion."

"But who is there out there for him to marry?"

"That is what puzzles me, my dear madam, I must confess; but that is the duke's business, not mine. Will you accompany me through the house? I shall be glad of your suggestions."

And Mrs. Caterham went like a woman in a dream, and assisted at consultations over pieces of satin and brocade, and the respective merits of sat in wood and ebony for the new duchess's apartments, till her brain was in a whirl.

Before the day was over, confirmation of the tidings arrived from other quarters. The duke's lawyer came down, accompanied by another person, and inspected the stables, horses, of which the establishment was of the most meagre description during the duke's absence. She provided these visitors with refreshments, and heard such a talk of new horses for the duke, ponies for the duchess, and carriages of all sorts as fairly bewildered her. Then the steward came and conferred with the lawyer, and the next day the house was invaded by an army of workmen in paper caps and baize aprons, and the gardens given over to a legion of gardeners, who worked as if their lives depended on the result of their labors.

Her instructions would come by the next mail she was assured, for to every one the duke had spoken of having written to her. Castletowers had thoroughly waked up, and there was no question of her being dull any longer.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already stalks to-morrow.
—*Coleridge.*

The duke's letter came in the course of a few days. It had been written, as he said, but some mischance in the post had delayed its arrival. It was kind and pleasant, and confirmed the story Mrs. Caterham had already heard. It commissioned her to seek for proper female servants, and organize the household on its old footings. The lawyer and the steward between them were to look out for the men.

"Lady Royston and my sister will be home to receive us," the duke wrote; "but I am quite sure that both of them will be glad that I have relegated to you the business of finding servants, and all details of that sort. I daresay you are wondering in your cozy little snuggery at Castletowers over me and my doings, and who it is that I am going to bring home to the old place. You will like your new mistress—I am sure of that. She has neither title nor money, but I can give her both. She has beauty and all that makes woman most loveable, and she will reign at Castletowers right worthily. She says that I am to tell my faithful old friend that she is prepared to love and respect her very much, and I am sure that the feeling will be reciprocated. If you want money for going to town or elsewhere to get the people you want you know where to apply for it. Don't stint yourself in any way. You will find I have given orders about it in the right quarter."

The letter did not say anything about the name of the lady whom the duke was going to marry; but Mrs. Caterham heard from the steward that the young lady was a Miss Chantrelle—a governess.

"A governess!" she exclaimed, in horror, when the news was told her.

"So it seems."

"What a match—what a dreadful match—for a duke!"

It does seem so," the steward replied; "but a duke can do anything he pleases, and if the lady is amiable and good, people will soon forget her birth."

"He has very soon got over his love," the old lady said to herself, with a little sigh over the fickleness of mankind in general, and her master in particular. "But perhaps it's just as well. That would have been dreadful."

"That," in the good lady's mind, meant the possibility of the duke's having run away with Hilda, had she lived—an event which she had never ceased to dread till she believed that young lady was safe under the turf.

She commenced her search for servants directly, and was not a little astonished at an application from Lizzie Pearce to be taken into the new household.

"I thought you were going to try for something better," she said. "You told me you wanted to go as lady's-maid."

"So I do. I am taking lessons, and getting on very well. I shall be quite ready by the time the new duchess comes home."

"I don't think you will do, Lizzie. She will want an experienced maid, even if she does not bring one with her. I don't think her grace would be pleased if I engaged you."

"I think her grace would."

"You talk as if you knew her."

"Perhaps I do. Is not the lady's name Miss Honore Chantrelle?"

"So I hear."

"And was a governess?"

"I believe so."

"Ah, I have seen her. You may engage me, Mrs. Caterham, and I will leave the instant her grace has seen me if she does not approve of what you have done."

Mrs. Caterham was very much puzzled. She was very awkwardly placed in the matter. The master and mistress she had to please were so very far away it was impossible to get at their pleasure on the subject. Lizzie Pearce was a quiet, respectable, honest girl—that much she knew well, and she took occasion to make further inquiries. She found that she was, as she said, taking lessons in the mysteries of her craft from a good hairdresser, and he spoke of her as an apt and tasteful pupil. Most of her other duties she herself could teach her, and she resolved to engage her, subject to the duchess's approval.

To the Lady Euphemia Breakspeare and her aunt at Florence the news of the duke's intentions came like a thunderclap. They had heard of him pretty regularly, and his last letter had been full of news of his men and their belongings, his duties and pursuits. Not a word of any thought of leaving India. Indeed, the letter had concluded by saying that if they wanted to see him very much they must come out to India to him, for he had no thought of returning to Europe; and then by the next mail had come an effusion almost incoherent in its delight, saying that he should be starting for England before he would have time to receive a reply from them, and should come back a married man.

"Of course you will say I am fickle," he wrote, "knowing as you do why I came out here. Perhaps I am; they say all men are so. At any rate, I have found the woman who can charm away my regret, and make me happy. Paradise seems opening to me when I think of it, and in my happiness I am doing no wrong to my dead love's memory. 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' some poet says. That's just what I am going to do. The madness of that miserable time is to be banished for ever from our minds. My darling is looking over my shoulder while I write this. She says I must not describe her to you for that you have seen her, and will doubtless remember her."

Lady Euphemia had to turn the leaf to get at the next line, and she laid the letter down and stared at her aunt.

"Seen her before she said. "Who in the world can it be? I know no one out there, I am certain."

"Turn over and see, child, for goodness gracious sake!" said Lady Royston. "Lionel must be raving mad. There's no other way accounting for what he is doing."

Lady Euphemia turned the leaf, and read—

"Her name is Honore Chantrelle. She was governess to Mr. Saltire's daughter, whom you saw in Florence some time since."

"That woman!" shrieked Lady Royston, aghast. "He's mad, Phemie—raving! This horrible thing must be stopped somehow."

"It's too late, auntie. You see what he says. Before he has time to get an answer he will be on his road to Europe."

"We'll telegraph, child. We'll beg him to wait—we'll forbid such a monstrous *mesalliance*. He—Lionel Breakspeare—a duke—a gentleman—one who is fit to mate with a princess of the blood royal, wed a woman like that! A creature whom nobody knows—a beggarly teacher—an adventuress—perhaps worse!"

And Lady Royston, usually the mildest of women, stamped up and down the room in her worry and the wildest agitation, and tore her lace ruffles to shreds with wringing her hands.

"Lionel is his own master," said Lady Euphemia, with a very pale face. "Nothing that you or I could say would stop him now, and it would not do to telegraph to him on such a subject. It would simply be publishing the matter to the world, and somehow I don't feel as though that would be pleasant."

"No, indeed, it is not a thing to talk about. It is disgrace, humiliation, such as I never hoped to see fall on the Breakspeares. It was bad enough that the love of a woman he could never hope to marry should send him mooning to the other side of the world, but there was some comfort in the thought that no *mesalliance* could come of it. This is horrible—dreadful. It has made you look quite ill, Phemie!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is strange that in cases where a man is suddenly deprived of consciousness, and remains in that condition for some time, the mind, on returning to reason, seems to retain a recollection of, or rather reverts to the incidents present at the moment of collapse. A striking illustration of this phenomenon may be observed in the case of the individual who has been kicked over the stable by a mule, usually asking, as he revives, whether it was lightning or a house that dropped on him.

There is considerable reason to believe that even a minister while engaged in tacking down the carpet, and he makes one of those mistakes which, between a false judgment and the hammer, result in a mashed finger or thumb nail, would wish that the scriptural order against saying more than "yea" or "nay," permitted a certain margin of choice in expression for particularly special and trying occasions.

HEREDITARY TRAITS.

The commonest, and therefore the least interesting, though perhaps the most instructive of the phenomena of heredity, are those affecting the features and the outward configuration of the body. These have been recognized in all ages, and among all nations. A portion of the Jewish system of legislature was based on a recognition of the law that children inherit the bodily qualities of the parents. The Greeks noted the same fact. Among the Romans we find certain families described by their physical characteristics, as the "Nasones," or big-nosed; the "Labeones," or thick-lipped; the "Capitones," or big-headed; the "Buccones," or swollen-cheeked. In more recent times similar traits have been recognized in various families. The Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose are well-known instances.

Peculiarities of structure have a double interest, as illustrating both variation and persistence. We usually find them introduced without any apparent cause into a family, and afterwards they remain as hereditary traits, first inherited regularly, then intermittently, and eventually, in most cases, dying out or becoming so exceptional that their occurrence is not regarded as a hereditary peculiarity. Montaigne mentions that in the family of Lepidus, at Rome, there were three, not successively, but at intervals, that were born with the same eye covered with a cartilage. At Thebes there was a family almost every member of which had the crown of the head pointed like a fauns-head, all whose heads were not so formed being regarded as illegitimate. A better authenticated case is that of the Lambert family. The peculiarity affecting this family appeared first in the person of Edward Lambert, whose whole body, except the face, the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, was covered with a sort of shell consisting of horny excrescences. He was the father of six children, all of whom, as soon as they had reached the age of six weeks, presented the same peculiarity. Only one of them lived. He married, and transmitted the peculiarity to all his sons. For five generations all the male members of the Lambert family were distinguished by the horny excrescences which had adorned the body of Edward Lambert.

Sex-digitism, or the possession of hands and feet with six digits each, has occurred in several families as a sudden variation from the normal formation, but after it has appeared has usually been transmitted for several generations. In the case of the Colburn family this peculiarity lasted for four generations without interruption, and still re-appears occasionally. In a branch of a well-known Scotch family, sex-digitism—after continuing for three or four generations—has apparently disappeared; but it still frequently happens that the edge of the hands on the side of the little finger is partially deformed.

Hare-lip, albinism, halting, and other peculiarities commonly reappear for four or five generations, and are seldom altogether eradicated in less than ten or twelve.

A Maltese couple, named Kelleik, whose hands and feet were of the ordinary type, had a son Gratio, who had six movable fingers on each hand, and six somewhat less perfect toes on each foot. Gratio Kelleik married a woman possessing only the ordinary number of fingers and toes. There were four children of this marriage—Salvator, George, Andre, and Marie. Salvator had six fingers and six toes like the father; George and Andre had each five fingers and five toes like the mother, but the hands and feet of George were slightly deformed; Marie had five fingers and five toes, but her thumbs were slightly deformed. All four children grew up, and married folk with the ordinary number of fingers and toes. The children of Andre alone, who were many, were without exception of the normal type, like their father. The children of Salvator, who alone was six fingered and six-toed like Gratio, the grandfather, were four in number; three of them resembled the father, while the other—the youngest—was of the normal type like his mother and grandmother.

The story of the Ancon or Otter sheep, as narrated by Colonel David Humphreys in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, published in the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1813, has been thus abridged by Huxley: "It appears that one Seth Wright, the proprietor of a farm on the banks of the Charles River, in Massachusetts, possessed a flock of fifteen ewes and a ram of the ordinary kind. In the year 1791 one of the ewes presented her owner with a male lamb differing, for no assignable reason, from its parents by a disproportionately long body and short bandy legs: whence it was unable to emulate its relatives in those sportive leaps over the neighbors' fences in which they were in the habit of indulging, much to the good farmer's vexation. With the 'cuteness' characteristic of that people, the neighbors of the Massachusetts farmer imagined that it would be an excellent thing if all his sheep were imbued with the stay-at-home tendencies enforced by Nature upon the newly-arrived ram; and they advised Wright to kill the old patriarch of his fold and install the new Ancon ram in his place. The result justified their sagacious anticipations. The young lambs were almost always pure Ancons, or pure ordinary sheep. But when sufficient Ancon sheep were obtained to interbreed with one another it was found that the offspring were always pure Ancon. Colonel Humphreys, in fact, states that he was acquainted with only 'one questionable case of a contrary nature.' By taking care to select Ancons of both sexes for breeding from, it thus became easy to establish an exceedingly well-marked race—so peculiar that even when herded with other sheep, it was noted that the Ancons kept together. And there is every reason to believe that the existence of this breed might have been indefinitely protracted; but the introduction of the Merino sheep—which were not only very superior to the Anconsin wool and meat, but quite as quiet and orderly—led to the complete neglect of the new breed, so that in 1813 Colonel Humphreys found it difficult to obtain the specimen whose skeleton was presented to Sir Joseph Banks. 'We believe that for many years no remnant of it has existed in the United States.'"

Instances of longevity during several successive generations are too common to be worth citing. Cases in which, for generation after generation, a certain age, far off threescore years and ten, has not been passed, even when all the circumstances have favored longevity, are more interesting. One of the most curious among these is the case of the Turgot family, in which the age of fifty-nine had not been for generations exceeded, to the time when Turgot made the name famous. At the age of fifty, when he was in excellent health, and apparently had promise of many years of life, he expressed to his friends his conviction that the end of his life was near at hand. From that time forward he held himself prepared for death, and, as we know, he died before he had completed his fifty-fourth year.

The inheritance of tricks of habit is one of the most perplexing of all the phenomena of heredity. The less striking the habit, the more remarkable, perhaps, is its persistence as an inherited trait. Giron de Buzareingues states that he knew a man who, when he lay on his back, was wont to throw his right leg across the left; one of this person's daughters had the same habit from her birth, constantly assuming that position in the cradle, notwithstanding the resistance offered by the swaddling bands. Darwin mentions another case in his "Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication." A child had the odd habit of setting its fingers in rapid motion whenever it was particularly pleased with anything. When greatly excited, the same child would raise the hand on both sides as high as the eyes, with the fingers in rapid motion as before. Even in old age he experienced a difficulty in refraining from these gestures. He had eight children, one of whom, a little girl, when four years of age, used to set her fingers going and to lift up her hands after the manner of her father. A still more remarkable case is described by Galton. A gentleman's wife noticed that when he lay fast asleep on his back in bed he had the curious trick of raising his right arm slowly in front of his face, up to his forehead, and then dropping it with a jerk, so that the wrist fell heavily on the bridge of his nose. The trick did not occur every night, but occasionally, and was independent of any ascertained cause. Sometimes it was repeated incessantly for an hour or more. The gentleman's nose was prominent, and its bridge often became sore from the blows it received. At one time an awkward sore was produced that was long in healing, on account of the recurrence night after night of the blows which first caused it. His wife had to remove the button from the wrist of his nightgown, as it made severe scratches, and some means were devised for tying his arm. Many years after his death, his son married a lady who had never heard of the family incident. She, however, observed precisely the same peculiarity in her husband; but his nose, from not being particularly prominent, had never as yet suffered from the blows. The trick does not occur when he is half asleep, as, for example, when he is dozing in his arm chair; but the moment he is fast asleep he is apt to begin. It is, as with his father, intermittent, sometimes ceasing for many nights, and sometimes almost incessant during a part of every night. It is performed, as it was with his father, with the right hand. One of his children, a girl, has inherited the same trick. She performs it exactly with the right hand, but in a slightly modified form; for after raising the arm, she does not allow the wrist to drop on the bridge of the nose, but the palm of the half-closed hand falls over and down the nose, striking it rather rapidly—a decided improvement on the father's and grandfather's idea. The trick is intermittent in this girl's case also, sometimes not occurring for periods of some months, but sometimes almost incessantly.

Some peculiarities, such as stammering, lisping, babbling, and the like, are not easily referable to any special class of hereditary traits, because it is not clear how far they are to be regarded as depending on bodily and how far on mental peculiarities. It might seem obvious that stammering was in most cases uncontrollable by the will, and babbling might seem as certainly uncontrollable. Yet there are cases which throw doubt on either conclusion. Thus, Dr. Lucas tells of a servant maid whose loquacity was apparently quite uncontrollable. She would talk to people until they were ready to faint, and if there no human being to listen to her, she would talk to animals and inanimate objects, or would talk aloud to herself. She had to be discharged. "But," she said to her master, "I am not to blame; it all comes from my father. He had the same fault and it drove my mother to distraction; and his father was the same." Stammering has been transmitted through as many as five generations. The Montmorency look, a sort of half squint, affected nearly all the members of the Montmorency family. The peculiarity called Daltonism, an inability to distinguish between certain colors of the spectrum, was not thus named, as is often asserted, merely because the distinguished chemist Dalton was affected by it, but because three members of the family were similarly affected. Deafness and blindness are not commonly hereditary where the parents have lost sight or hearing either by accident or through illness, even though the illness or accident occur during infancy; but persons born either blind or deaf, frequently if not commonly transmit the defect to some at least among their offspring. Similar remarks will apply to fleetmuteness.

The senses of taste and smell must also be included in the list of those which are affected by transmitted peculiarities. If we include the craving for liquor among such peculiarities, we might at once cite a long list of cases; but this craving must be regarded as nervo-physical, the sense of taste having in reality very little to do with it. It is not clear how the following hideous instance is to be classed. It is related by Dr. Lucas: "A man in Scotland had an irresistible desire to eat human flesh. He had a daughter. Though removed from her father and mother, who were both sent to the stake before she was a year old, and although brought up among respectable people, this girl, like her father, yielded to the horrible craving for human flesh."

Multitudes of instances are omitted which oppose themselves at a first view at any rate, to the belief that heredity plays the first part in the genesis of great minds. Nearly all the greatest names in philosophy, literature and science, and a large number of the greatest names in art, stand absolutely alone. We know nothing achieved by Shakspeare's father or grandfather, nor by Goethe's, nor by Schiller's. None of Newton's family were in any way distinguished in mathematical or scientific work; nor do we know of a distinguished Laplace, or Lagrange, or Lavoisier, or Harvey, or Dalton, or Volta, or Faraday, besides those who made these names illustrious. As to general literature, page after page might be filled with the mere names of those whose ancestry has been quite undistinguished.

Yet certain mental qualities have certainly been transmitted in some cases. Galton mentions one noteworthy case relating to memory. In the family of Porson good memory was so notable a faculty as to give rise to the byword "the Porson memory."

We have not referred to insanity in speaking of inherited mental qualities, because insanity must be regarded as a disease of the moral rather than of the mental nature. Its origin may be in the mind, as the origin of mental diseases is in the brain—that is, is in the body; but the principal manifestations of insanity, those which must guide us in determining its true position, are unquestionably those relating to moral habitudes. Insanity is not always, or at least not always demonstrably, hereditary. Esquirol found among 1375 lunatics 337 unquestionable cases of hereditary transmission. Guislain and others regard hereditary lunacy as including, putting it roughly, say one-fourth of the cases of insanity. Morsau and others hold that the proportion is greater.

Of the hereditary transmission of idiotcy we naturally have not the same kind of evidence. The madness often, if not generally, comes on or shows itself late in life, whereas idiotcy is not often developed in the adult. Insanity is the diseased or weakened condition of a mind possessing all the ordinary thinking faculties; idiotcy implies that some of those faculties are altogether wanting. It has been asserted, by the way, that idiotcy is a product of civilization. The civilized "present, as peoples," says Dr. Duncan, "indications of defective vital force, which are not witnessed among those human beings that live in a state of nature."

There are some curious stories of special vices transmitted from parent to child. Dona Machado relates that he knew a rich lady who had a strong passion for gambling. She died young of a pulmonary disease. Her eldest son, having inherited the passion for play, died at the same age, of the same disease, leaving a daughter who inherited the same tastes, and also died young. Hereditary predisposition to theft, etc., has been proved.

With facts such as these before us, we cannot doubt that in whatever degree variability may eliminate after a while peculiar mental or moral tendencies, these are often transmitted for many generations.

LOUIS AND HIS DRUM.

BY JULIA R. TORREY.

Little Louis Bernard's mamma was almost wild with the noise that Louis and his drum had been making through the house, since the fifteenth of August.

He was three years old on that day, and his auntie had thought a pretty red and white drum would be the nicest birthday present that any little boy of his size could wish for; and his delight upon seeing it made her feel sure that she had made no mistake in getting it for him.

Louis had been enjoying the drum for two weeks now. The only rest the drum had was when Louis was sleeping and eating. At all other times, to his own satisfaction and his mother's distraction, the great voice in his drum kept shouting out at him, and he brought the drumsticks down in a vigorous, soldierly manner upon the head of the drum.

Louis would go marching through the house, bringing his feet down, with an approving little stamp at each beat of the drum; while he wondered all the time where the noise came from.

He would often shake his drum to see if something wouldn't rattle. But never a sound would come out except when he beat it, which he did all day long, throwing all his strength into each thumpity-thump, so that sometimes his mamma's hands would fly up to her ears to shut out the racket; and at other times she would look smilingly on, and call him her "brave little soldier boy." Louis' mamma would often keep time to his thumpings, by singing patriotic little songs to him, parts of which would sound to Louis so like the noise his drum made that it set him wondering more than ever if there wasn't something inside his drum that made the noise come out.

While thinking the matter over one day, Louis stood eyeing his drum in a puzzled way, saying to himself:

"I dess it a dot someting live in it, dat twies tause I whips it."

In a moment after the puzzled look vanished, and an "I know" expression took its place.

It had suddenly entered his head that there must be a little man with a big voice shut up in his drum.

Upon concluding that the little man was really there, he cried out, in soft, pitying tones:

"Poor 'ittle man!"

Putting a very sympathetic little mouth close up to his drum, he called out:

"'Ittle man in dere, does ou wants to tum out?"

Then he listened attentively for a reply, but as no reply came, Louis continued:

"Is ou deaf, like old Mr. Winton? He mates a bid fuss when he speats, but ou mates a bidder fuss. I does I'll tall bid, so ou tan hear me."

Swelling out his lungs he again shouted out:

"'Ittle man, does ou wants to tum out?"

Still no answer.

"Why!" exclaimed Louis, very much surprised to think the little man should not answer back, "old Mr. Winton tould hear dat, and why tant ou? I dess ou's 'fraid of me. I wouldn't hurt ou, 'ittle man, and 'twould tickle me so to see ou. Ou must have a dreffal bid mouf, p'r'aps ou's most all mouf!"

Here Louis began to laugh and laugh, while his eyes danced as if they were looking at the funniest picture he ever saw.

Probably the queer old fairy, Imagination, had slipped her spectacles on his nose, and he was seeing through them the very little man that lived in his drum.

But Louis seemed to want a nearer view yet.

"I dess I'll let ou out," he declared.

Then, while a sudden, queer expression of alarm came into his face, he rapidly continued:

"Does I hurt ou, when I beats on the top of 'our house? I never listened 'tic'lar for a gwoan. Dess I will now."

Holding his drum-stick out at arm's length, Louis brought it down upon the "woof of the 'ittle man's house," as he called the drum head, with such force as to cause the supposed little man within to growl in a most savage and ill-natured way.

Louis, quite disturbed, exclaimed:

"Dat was a gwoan, I'm sure. Ou must be all bwuised up, 'ittle man. Ou needs to be doctored. Tum along with me and I'll play doctor lite dan'pa. Ou's doin' to be let out, 'ittle man. Isn't ou dlad? I is! We'll do wound to my office wight away."

Taking up his drum, Louis started for the office. He seemed puzzled for a moment where to find his office.

At last, just as he came within sight of the woodshed, he exclaimed:

"I dess that's my office," and trotted towards it at a brisk little rate.

Upon reaching the door, he looked down at the drum by his side, and spoke very politely, as if the little man was really standing by him, waiting to be admitted.

"Wat in, tir."

After stepping in and saying, "Tate a seat," he put the little man in the drum on a pile of wood, remarking gravely:

"I'll dive ou my 'tention in a minute."

Then Doctor Louis, after the manner of doctor grandpa, began thoughtfully to stroke his chin, while he looked around him eagerly in search of the proper instruments to use for the operation about to be performed, saying to himself, as he had often heard his grandpa say:

"Petullar tase! petullar tase!" He picked up a saw, looked doubtfully at its sharp pointed tip, and its great row of cruel-looking teeth, then shook his head, saying: "No, that would put de 'ittle man's eyes out; and den he twouldn't wint at me and tay: 'I dess I knows ou let me out.' Dat won't do," laying it down.

As he did so the broad axe blade shone up at him as much as to say:

"Try me. I'll make quick work of him."

Doctor Louis must have known what the axe meant, when its steely brightness caught his eye, for, with a merry laugh, he sprang toward it, took hold of the handle with both chubby hands, and tried to lift it up, so as to set the little man in the drum free.

But the axe was too heavy for the small arms, and he dropped it with an indignant:

"What mates ou be so heavy? I s'pose ou'd like to tay ou didn't ax me to touch ou, saucy ting. Oh, dere's a baby axe!" cried he, greatly relieved as he saw a hatchet near by. "I dess that'll do splendid!"

Picking it up, Doctor Louis went over to his drum, saying:

"I'se ready for ou now, 'tir."

He then put the drum down on the floor, and closing his fingers tightly around the hatchet handle, he said:

"Now, 'ittle man, scrooch down in de torner, so ou'll not det hurted!"

The next instant the little arm sent the hatchet flying up, then down again, with a great whack upon the drum's head.

There was a crack, and a snap. The hatchet dropped.

Two expectant big blue eyes peeped into the hole made by the hatchet, to see how the little man in the drum looked.

But, alas! there was no little man to be seen; and the big blue eyes grew bigger and bigger as they looked, until a great big tear dropped through the hole, and a little choked voice exclaimed:

"I'se smashed ou all to bits, 'ittle man. I'se so sorry, I'se so sorry!"

Then reaching his hand down through the hole, he brought up a piece of drum head that had fallen in, and picking at it with his little fingers, he exclaimed:

"Dreffal tough stin! Bones all smashed to nuffin. Nuffin but de stin left."

Looking down at his broken drum, in a half grieved kind of way, he set his foot against it, exclaiming:

"Do away, naughty dwrum. Ou maded me till de 'ittle man."

Louis then threw his drum-stick after the drum, and turned away, saying to himself in a perplexed, wondering way:

"Dreffal tough stin! Dreffal tough stin!"

Little Eddie and the Canary

A TRUE STORY.

BY ALICE.

"Now, Eddie, don't you dare to open that bird cage while I am gone," said careful aunt Mary, as she stood in the door, glass in hand, to get the water for Dick, whose cage she had just righted.

Little Eddie, a fine, chubby fellow of four summers, looked up from his play, and, for the first time in all his life, saw Dick within his reach. Immediately his little fat fingers moved nervously toward the cage.

"Now, Eddie," said aunt Mary, shaking her finger at him in a threatening manner, "if you do open that bird cage while I am gone, I will tell your mamma when she returns, and you'll get severely punished." Saying this she shut the door and quickly ran for the water.

Now left alone, little Eddie promptly unfastened the door of the cage in which Dick was hopping about in a lively manner, seemingly impatient for his bath.

Out flew the bird. Round and round the room it sailed, while little Eddie danced and shouted for joy, proud as the Russian monarch, for had he not made free the only slave within his power, and was not birdie now at liberty just like the sparrow in the Square? But soon poor Dick, in one of his rounds, flew right into the open door of the stove. The coals within were red, and perhaps the pretty bird mistook the light for his cage or for an opening to the bright sunshine.

Aunt Mary returned just in time to see her pet fluttering, dropping, and rising from the hot coals, until it it could rise no more, and there it lay, nothing but a charred speck.

Poor aunt Mary took her pet, or what was left of it, from the fire, and stood looking at the small black lump, exclaiming:

"Oh! my poor, poor Dick; my pretty little singer!"

Little Eddie was now completely astounded at what had happened, and would scarcely believe his eyes. He stood looking alternately at Dick's remains and into the sad face of his aunty. He was a kind-hearted little fellow, and now gladly offered all his pretty toys to comfort her; his cannon, drum, and even his cunning, new, red-topped boots, which he had kept near his pillow the night previous, and dreamed of all night. Yes, and that crowning glory of all his possessions, his jack-knife. In fact, he became so distressed that he cried earnestly for his mother's return, so that he might take the promised whipping that was to pay for the damage, if not in some way really to restore the bird, which little Eddie loved as well as any of them.

His mother did not, however, on her return give him the deserved whipping, but warmly pressed him to her bosom; for, although she regretted the loss of their beautiful singer, she thought Eddie's punishment was already sufficient.

That mother's embrace scattered the black, fearful clouds that had gathered over the little fellow's mental horizon, and lifted a big lump of lead from his heart.

Doting mother, to wink at the imperfections of thy little one; sheltering it under the wing of thy love!

Now, if Eddie had not been *dared* he probably would not have touched the cage at all, for sometimes even Eddies of a larger growth cannot withstand a "dare."

He did not mean to be a naughty boy, and none mourned more sincerely the loss of poor Dick than did this same inexperienced, impulsive little Eddie.

Days, weeks, and months passed, during which time little Eddie enjoyed his hoop and drum, his cannon and jack-knife; delighted in the beautiful sunshine and shade, rolled on the green grass in the Park, enjoyed rollicking and frolicking, just as the Great Loving Father intended he should; had his little trials now and then, to be sure; had his serious, thoughtful words, in which he often remembered that canary; had his ups and downs; his lights and shadows; and the ever varying changes allotted to all.

One morning, from a house near that lovely Square in which he had often played, admiring its beautiful fountain, joying in the freedom of its pretty birds, I saw removed, the casket that contained all of earth belonging to little Eddie. The Angel of Death had opened the door for the caged spirit to roam in Heavenly freedom. What would call thee back, sweet child, to dwell where every generous, loving impulse may become a wrong if not a sin! We almost envy thee thy lot, dear lamb, for thou art now safe within the fold. No rough experiences of earth to try the soul or grieve the tender heart. Yes, safe; for did not the Great Shepherd say, "Of such is the Kingdom."

THE attachment of anything in this cold, calculating world is worth something. The caress of a dog, the mute expression of welcome in the intelligent eye of a horse, the purr of a common house cat—are links in our chain of sympathies, and soften and enlarge our hearts.

Japanese Marriage Ceremonies.

The *Japan Times* says: The lowest orders of the Japanese employ some married couple to make matches for their sons, and these agents are called nakado, or go-betweens. Betrothal sometimes takes place in the infancy and childhood of parties, but is very often deferred till they are old enough to wish to have some voice in the matter themselves, which, however, is denied them if they have parents living. When, by reason of the death of his parents, a young man is left free to manage the matter in his own behalf, he chooses a pair of go-betweens from among his friends or acquaintances, and through them makes inquiries for a suitable helpmate, and when they report the discovery of one, he sends them to solicit her hand of her parents.

If the proposal suits her parents, the bargain is made, and by their connivance a meeting is arranged to take place between the young people at some tea house, unless they already know each other by sight, where the betrothed can only throw sly glances at each other, but are permitted to hold no conversation, as that in the present state of affairs would be a breach of Japanese etiquette.

In arranging matters for the wedding, fixing the day for it, etc., other go-betweens are employed, whose office expires only when the two are made one. First, the young bridegroom sends the go-betweens with the presents to the parents of the bride elect. These may consist of a variety of things, varying according to the taste or ability of the bridegroom, or his parents, provided only that certain things are included in the number; as, for instance, some edible seaweed, and nosbi, or strips of dried and powdered awabi. The preparation of the latter is made chiefly in the department of Ise. It nosbi cannot be obtained, a kind of dried fish will answer the purpose. But, whether the presents be few or many, the bridegroom must send a written list of the articles along with them, for which a specified form is furnished in the Japanese works on the subject.

These presents being received, and the wedding day being fixed between the bride's parents and the go-betweens, nothing remains to be done but to await the appointed time. Meanwhile the bride and her family are preparing the numerous presents to be made by them to the parents and relatives of the bridegroom on the night of the wedding.

In the evening of the day set for the nuptial ceremony, the bride, dressed throughout in white (the color of mourning in Japan) is escorted in the kango or norimon (palanquin) by her parents and invited relatives to the house of the bridegroom. There she is met in the entrance of the house by certain females employed to receive her, called machi-jooroo, who conduct her into a separate apartment where she takes a little rest. It should be stated that she left the father's house, having her head covered with wataboushi, a cap made of floss silk, which entirely conceals her head and face from view, and is not removed until she has become a wife. When a sufficient time has elapsed for the bride to refresh herself, both she and the bridegroom proceed separately to the best room, where the young man seats himself at one end of the tokonoma. The go-betweens also sit down, the male by the bridegroom, and the female by the bride. Two other attendants, male and female, usually young persons, each bearing a vessel with a long handle, used as a receptacle for sake, are likewise present to wait upon the bride and bridegroom and fill their cups. The long handled flasks have a paper butterfly fastened to each; a large and a small one to represent a male and a female butterfly. The attendants who bear them are therefore called by these names, and the idea expressed by the symbol is, that as butterflies always go in pairs, so the husband and wife should accompany each other through life with a like constancy.

Between the bride and groom is placed a tray bearing three lacquered cups, one upon another, the smallest at the top. The two butterflies pour a little sake from both their flasks into the uppermost cup, while the bridegroom holds it to be filled, grasping it with both hands. He then sips the wine three times in a very slow, formal manner, and passes the cup to the bride, who takes it in her hand and takes three similar sips under cover of her veil, when she hands the cup to the female butterfly, who sets it aside. The second cup, and the third are filled and emptied in like manner, so that each party drinks nine times. Hence this ceremony is called san-san-kudo, and forms the most important part of the nuptial rites, for it makes the parties husband and wife. While this drinking is going on, one or two male singers are seated behind the screen in the same room, chanting songs of congratulation to the happy pair. They are now married, and the bride and groom proceed to another room, where they pay their respects to her parents, by drinking sake together; nominally, but not really, going through the san san-kudo again. After that they are conducted to another room, where the bride removes her veil, and exchanges her white dress for one of bright and gay colors; and the groom puts on the kami-shimo, or Japanese full dress, distinguished by the wing-like shoulder pieces, and full trousers; and then again they drink to each other three times three cups, in mutual congratulation at the happy change that has come over them, as indicated by their change of dress.

This being done, there follows a feast to all in the house, who assemble in one room, and regale themselves with the fare that is set before them; and having kept up the festivities till about the dawn of day, the wedding party breaks up. Three days after the bride usually pays a visit to her own parents, when another entertainment is made, to which the relatives of the family are invited.

Henceforth the married woman is regarded as having been absorbed, as it were, into the family of her husband, and to have sundered her relationship to her father's house. Her duty to her father-in-law and her mother-in-law supercedes all the obligations of filial piety.

The common people, in their matrimonial rites, endeavor to ape as far as possible their superiors, the daimios and other great people of the land. If required to do so we may, on another occasion, describe the nuptial ceremonies of the latter.

THE faults of a fool are concealed from himself, while they are evident to the world; on the other hand, the faults of the wise man are well known to himself, while they are masked over and invisible to the world.

PAY as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you are able, but never give when you cannot afford to do it, just because it is fashionable to give.

FEMININITIES.

Many London ladies are adopting portions of the Turkish costume.

Motto for a beautiful woman asleep—handsome is as handsome does.

It is not necessarily true that a woman is a thief because she hooks her sister's dress behind her back.

When a girl begins to take an interest in a young man's cravat, it is a sign she does not love him as a sister.

If the phonograph is introduced into sewing circles, where a dozen or two women are talking at once, it strikes us it will be of little or no good.

A woman passed another on Chestnut street to-day and didn't look around to make any remarks about her new spring hat—the woman was blind.

"What is a goddess, pray?" asked a very talkative young lady. "It is a person of the feminine gender that holds her tongue," said the old man severely.

Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and be very productive.

It is said that seven-eighths of the art students in Boston are women, and that, as they are not eligible in the Art Club, it is the intention to organize a Woman's Art Club Association.

The editor of a children's paper received a letter from a lady subscriber recently, in which was written, "Our Annie died last week, after reading the last number of your valuable paper."

A Kansas schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word, the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result, the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.

"My dear," she remarked through the telephone that ran to her husband's office, "you ought to be spanked for not changing your shirt this morning." But as the husband was out at that moment the young bookkeeper who received the message didn't feel like keeping up the dialogue.

"Is it becoming to me?" asked she, as she paraded in the costume of one hundred years ago, before the man who is not her lord and master, but is her husband. "Yes, my dear," said he meekly. "Don't you wish I could dress this way all the time?" she asked. "No, my dear," he replied; "but I wish you had lived when that was the style."

A newly-married man went home the other evening and found his wife asleep on the lounge. He kneeled beside her and devoured her with loving eyes. "John," she murmured in her sleep. "Yes, my pet, what is it?" he whispered, thrilled to his heart's depths by the calling of his name. "John," she again murmured, "sparerib is only nine cents a pound." The thrill passed off.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ASHES AS MANURE.—Few farmers know or appreciate the value of ashes as a manure. Applied to young crops they are worth one shilling per bushel, and if scattered around fruit trees will certainly kill the worms.

ARRANGING THE GARDEN.—In arranging the garden, long rows, which may be plowed and cultivated by the horse, are better than the old-fashioned beds, which must be spaded up and worked by hand. It looks better, and the labor is lighter.

FROGS IN GARDENS.—Frogs do no manner of harm in a garden, and are probably the gardener's best friends. The food of a frog is of an animal character wholly, consisting of slugs, worms and insects of almost every kind. Wireworms are its favorite diet.

AIRING PLANTS.—Plants raised in the house for subsequent planting in the garden should be placed out of doors in the middle of the day during warm weather, so that they will become gradually accustomed to the change of temperature, and not wilt when planted out. They should be planted out in a dry soil and in dry weather, or just before a rain shower.

TO BANISH RATS.—Rats can be banished by covering the floor near the rat hole with a thin layer of moist caustic potash. When the rats walk on this, it makes their feet sore, and then they lick their feet, and that makes their mouths sore. The result is that they not only shun the locality, but appear to tell all the neighboring rats about it, and the house is eventually entirely abandoned by them.

DRAINAGE.—Draining is attracting great attention in Illinois, as it should in all of the Western States. Tile draining makes the land more tillable and improves the crops, and endures wet seasons and droughts better. Well burned tile, put into properly constructed ditches, never less than three feet deep, will remain in serviceable condition for centuries. If we take into account the durability of well made tile drains, and the uniformity of crops thus secured, there can be no doubt that it is the cheapest and best-paying investment that can be made on clay beds.

AVERAGE PERIOD OF GESTATION.—The following table, showing the average period of gestation of the various kinds of farm stock, will be found very convenient for reference. Mares vary considerably from the average period, and the same is true, but in a less degree, with cows; but, as we approach the smaller animals and shorter periods, the variation constantly grows less. Gestation: Mare 340 days, cow 280, ewe 154, goat 153, sow 112, bitch 63, rabbit 30. Incubation: Goose 30 days, turkey 28, peafowl 28, duck 28, chicken 21, pigeon 18, canary 13.

THE PRICE OF COWS.—An old cattle dealer gives the following prices paid by him for milch cows, in Montgomery county, Pa.: In 1835 and previous years he paid an average price of $18 to $24, in 1835 and 1836 $25, in 1837 and 1838 $22, in 1839 $28, in 1840 $30, in 1841 and 1842 $19, in 1843 $22, thence up to 1849 $22 to $25, in 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852 and 1853 $25, in 1854 $28 (highest $40, lowest $22), in 1855 and 1856 $30, in 1857 $34, thence to 1860 $25, in 1860 and 1861 $35, the next three years $65, some good ones going over $100; and since then prices have been as high or higher, and market good.

TO CAUSE PLANTS TO BLOOM.—To cause a plant to bloom, allow it to become pot-bound; that is, let it remain in the pot until the roots have become matted in the pot, and as soon as it is done blooming repot it in a larger pot, taking care not to disturb the roots. In order to facilitate this, give the plant a little water; place the hand over the surface of the soil, with the fingers spread out and the stem of the plant between the fingers; turn the pot bottom upwards and tap its edge against something solid, and the plant and mould will come unbroken from the pot. Place the plant in the middle of the new and larger pot, and fill in all around it with rich mould.

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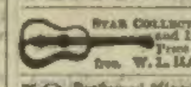

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A TURNED-DOWN LEAF.

BY S. E. DOYLE.

There's a turned-down leaf in every life
Which tells why hearts must bleed,
But seems so blurred by Sorrow's bitter tears
That only God may read:
As often tombs we see that fall, and want
The kindly hand of care,
So dimmed by mould that loving eyes alone
Will know what's written there.

Yet, what the page contains is not for light;
'Twere better in the gloom
And like those buds that love the depth of night,
Then bears its fullest bloom.
The mystic flame that beams from other days
Illuminates the scroll,
And shows what ghosts of things for long years dead
May haunt the human soul.

The hermit in the silence of his cell
So speaks his faith in prayer
As those sad hearts that ope their Fate's closed leaves
And trace the stories there.
They wish Life's joys, both this world's and to come,
To others may be known;
But hope content, albeit because they must,
In Heaven for their own.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

BESSIE—[CONTINUED.]

The Doctor bent down, held the candle close to the box and peered into it; and then, seizing the last roll of paper therein, opened it and began reading.

It was just then Bessie gave a piercing scream.

"What's the matter, girl?" shouted the young physician, rising to his feet.

"Look! look!"

The old man had awakened and stood, a shadowy and most spectral figure, glaring at them both.

"Ha, ha! he is awake. Run upstairs, Bessie, and good-night to you. Leave me to manage him. He's coming this way now."

Bessie, somewhat alarmed and nervous at the look of the old man's face, obeyed the Doctor's instructions, ran up the back stairs, and shut the door after her with a slam.

At that instant Winthrop pounced upon Enderly, with the vigor of a young man, and cried in a voice maniacal with rage: "Give me the paper, thief!"

"What paper?"

"The paper you stole. My God—my patent, my patent!"

"Softly," Mr. Winthrop, "exclaimed Enderly, disengaging himself from the other's grasp, and retreating a short distance. "Softly. You know I came here to cure you—to make you' young. Remember that you must not put me out of humor."

"Give me my paper. I saw you take it from my little box. Oh, God. You have broken open my little box—my deeds—my papers. Help, help!"

Enderly, desperate at this juncture, was compelled to force the old man into a seat, and then holding him down, cried out at him:

"There, that is the last I have to do with you. Take your papers and deeds, and may the fiends interfere to save you. I have done with you. Done with you!" and he threw the papers at the old man's feet, and rushed through the cellar, out of the door, and stumbled his way into the street.

"Stop!" cried the shrill voice of Winthrop calling after him. "For God's sake stop him somebody! Stop Doctor Enderly!"

III.

RESOLVES.

Dr. Ralph Enderly was utterly dazed when he reached his office. He had been wearied and perplexed. He had been mortified and astonished. He had met with a most out-of-the-way patient and a most beautiful young girl. He had found his patient disturbed in mind, incoherent at times, inconsistent and having in his heart two great bitternesses; first, the hopelessness of his finding his daughter Carrie; secondly, the hopelessness of being able to carry out his invention. What was his invention? The Doctor saw at a glance that this antique relic had a madman's whim, and he smiled when a "flying machine" was suggested. The Doctor was not a little angered, however, at the insane treatment he had received at the hands of his aged patient, and he could not interpret the sudden menace and assaults of old Martin, except in the light which science throws upon insanity and abnormal conditions and lucid intervals. Doctor Enderly was glad of two things; first, that he had met the mysterious young girl, Bessie; and second, that he had before him, as he thought, a case of peculiar monomania. But the whole wonder of the past hour flashed upon him as he sat in his easy chair in his cosy study—lighted his cigar, and, late though it was, gave way to reverie respecting the history and mystery of Martin Winthrop; and this was the tenor and effect of his reverie:

"I am summoned to see an old man who lives in a cellar, and who wants to be made young, because he can then, he imagines, be restored to his daughter. He was been abandoned by his daughter, it seems, and now desires to see her, for he has not seen her face for sixteen years! I must find out that unnatural daughter! Then again, he professes to own this dismal tenement, and there are some relics of former comfort yet apparent in it; but why is he living in the cellar, cared for only by chance and by the natural humanitarianism of his neighbors! This must also be investigated. Then he professes to have some mysterious, some occult piece of machinery on hand, which he hopes to turn to account. Mem: See as to that. If the fellow is really contemplating a "flying machine," set him down as mad as mad can be. He is no fool, however; on the contrary, he seems to have written a certain queer paper which I have with me, and a book on the theory of rejuvenescence. So he is evidently, like a great many more of us, insanely sane, and probably his advanced years have brought too much learning and wisdom. The marriage certificate which I found may reveal all the mystery, if followed up aright. I shall see to that too!"

Now Dr. Enderly was a man with a strong individuality, and he was not to be upset by trifles in ordinary cases, much less in cases like the present, where he took a keen and almost an enthusiastic interest in his old and mysterious patient. So all of the mysteries of the night he determined to unriddle, and free the old man from his fears, alarms and perplexities.

The idea of this infirm being—abandoned by his daughter and left to grope for light and succor as best he might—to plod from day to night—brain-wrecked in this dungeon of a cellar—to be at the mercies of his enemies and dependent upon the verjest charity of a few, very few friends—struck Dr. Enderly as monstrous; and he prayed fervently to God that night that he might be imbued with strength and discernment sufficient to set things right, to avenge a wrong and to restore the shattered heart of old Martin to something like its youth. Here he could undoubtedly effect a rejuvenescence. The old man craved youth for the sake of strength to work, for the sake of making himself pleasing in the eyes of his idolized daughter, the lost "Carrie."

But then again, what if this ancient and eccentric personage were possessed of a mania? What if he believed himself an injured and tortured human surrounded by troops of spies and enemies, and by his own madness alone choosing to live this hermit life in a cellar and carry out his wild schemes unharmed? What, again, if he were sane and had a deep, serious, a sinister scheme to entrap the unwary, and this fair maiden Bessie were his accomplice in craft? All is yet a mystery," said Enderly, "and a perplexing mystery, and I know not how to act."

Early the next morning, the Doctor, long before office hours, busied himself in examining such papers as he had found and brought with him. The cryptograph amused him. He saw no clue in that. The book was a mere bagatelle too, for it only betokened a great intellect weakened through the narrowness of one idea. But the marriage certificate was at least a suggestion. He was aroused to a new impulse upon its perusal, and he lost sight of his professional duties, his patients and the demands of his practice, as one intoxicated, as he gazed upon that paper.

"This is growing interesting!" he said, "and I will spend my best days to discover the riddle! The old man is not so mad as he seems, if he did nearly knock the breath out of my body, by his frenzy. But I forgive all that, and I will help him—with God's help! And as for rejuvenating him, that I hope and trust may be accomplished in a certain sense. He can be made more cheerful, more comfortable and more easy; he can be restored to his child and breathe a better air, wear better clothes and indulge his mechanical whims to his heart's content, with peace in his soul, and this is indeed a restoration to youth!"

During office hours that morning, and while ministering to the cravings of a score of patients, who one by one came in from the little waiting room into his snug private office, he was suddenly summoned by his colored servator Joe to come and speak to an old man who had just appeared at the door, who would not come in, and who insisted upon seeing the Doctor.

"Oh, he's a funny old man, Doctor," said Joe with a great grin, "and he sez to me, 'Bring the Doctor to me—bring the Doctor to me—quick! quick!' and I told him to come in and wait, but he wouldn't; he's out there at the door, and won't come in."

Enderly divined in an instant who his visitor was, and excusing himself to a lady patient for whom he was preparing a prescription, he went out to the door and encountered old Martin himself, leaning upon a heavy oaken stick and trembling all over as with a sudden ague. The moment he saw the Doctor he made a frantic clutch at his coat and exclaimed:

"For God's sake, Doctor, help me!"

"Ah, ha! Mr. Winthrop!" laughed the Doctor, endeavoring to disengage himself from the strong grasp of this old hand, for it was a maniacal grasp. "So; I'm glad to see you. Come in, Mr. Winthrop; come in and rest yourself, and we will have a little talk in a few minutes."

"No, no! I cannot stay——"

"But I have some patients I must attend to, Mr. Winthrop," said Enderly, soothingly.

"None need your medicine, your attention more than I do."

"I know that, and I want to cure you; but you must come in."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I have no time."

"Have I time then, Mr. Winthrop, to stand here talking to you? Be calm; rest assured I will act fairly by you, but I cannot stand here at the front door to give professional advice. You must take your turn with the others."

"Why do you treat me so cruelly?"

"Be consistent, Mr. Winthrop," said Enderly, a little nettled and in vain endeavoring to shake off the clutch of his forlorn intruder. "If you will not listen to reason, depend upon it I can offer you no reasonable advice. Come in, I say!"

"No, no; not now."

"Then I must leave you," said the young physician brusquely, as he tore himself from the old man's grasp and moved toward the reception room. "Call some other time, Mr. Winthrop, or rather I will call and see you in an hour or so, I'm very busy now."

"Stay, stay!" cried the excited and bewildered Mr. Winthrop. "I have great questions to ask of you; I must see you!" and he followed the Doctor to the door of the room and again grasped his coat, and held him as an unwilling and, for the moment, an irritated captive. "You must hear me, Doctor!"

"If you will take a seat in that room and wait a moment," said Enderly, speaking as calmly as he could under the circumstances, "I will do all I can for you as I promised, and I will listen to you with all my heart and soul and will try to make you comfortable, but I pray do not detain me here; do not be a child. Recollect, Mr. Winthrop, you are a man of sense and not a madman; recollect it is I whom you asked to restore you to youth. Do not anger me. Take off your hands, please!"

"Stop, stop; have you found Carrie?"

"Yes" answered Enderly, with impetuosity of manner that startled his questioner. "Yes, come in here and I will explain."

That "yes" turned the old man into meek obedience, and he followed the Doctor without another word into the note room, seated himself in a large arm chair near the window, dropped his head upon both his thin hands, and stared at the two or three patients who were in waiting, like a veritable madman.

As soon as the Doctor had finished with all his patients and the room was cleared, he came out of his little study and going up to the old man laid a hand on his shoulder, and in a kindly voice exclaimed, "Now come in here and we will talk."

The old man roused himself with a sudden start at the touch of this hand, as if he had been rudely awakened from a sleep, and glaring about him muttered, "You will make me young then?"

"I will try, my friend. Come in here. You see I have no time to lose. Patients are coming and going, and now while I see the coast clear, now is the time for our interview."

"And Carrie! What about dear Carrie?" This was said piteously.

"Oh! I will find her, depend upon that."

He assisted the old man into the office, closed the door, and after Winthrop was seated touched a silver bell upon his table, and Joe, the colored boy, after a short interval, appeared.

"Joe," exclaimed Enderly, "let no one into this room without first seeing me. The old gentleman and I wish to be alone."

"All right, sir."

"And another thing, Joe. Get me a directory. The city directory. The one for this year. I haven't such a thing in my whole house; but Mr. Rupert, the druggist at the corner, will loan you one. Be quick about it, Joe."

"Yes, sir."

Joe disappeared, and the Doctor turning to his patient said:

"Now, you say you cannot remember the married name of your daughter?"

"No, no, not I forget, I forget."

"I can probably refresh your memory a little. Was not her husband's name Holbrooke?"

At this name the old man's countenance changed; it became livid and then it flushed into an abnormal crimson, and the parchment of his face and the wrinkles deeply indented thereon, seemed transformed in a flash into the flesh and blood of youth.

"My God, Doctor; have you found her?"

"No—that is, yes. It is very simple," said the Doctor, watching narrowly the transfiguration of his patient and the subtle changes in his countenance and eyes.

"Holbrooke! That is the name!" cried Winthrop excitedly, rising and bending over the table where the Doctor sat.

Enderly arose and gently pushed the eager old man back into the chair and then said:

"Joseph Holbrooke is your son-in-law."

Martin Winthrop leaped to his feet at these words as if he had been struck into a new life by the latent electricity of their utterance, and cried out:

"My daughter's husband! Where is he? Where is he? Show him to me?

The Doctor laughed and calmly replied:

"Oh, no! I have him not in my keeping, Mr. Winthrop; but I see I have chanced upon his name at least. Now I will try to find out where he lives."

A knock at the door. Joe with the directory.

Enderly took the volume and opening it at "Hol," ran his fingers down the columns, in his search for the name Holbrooke, and at length said quietly:

"Joseph Holbrooke, banker and broker, 180 Medford square; house, 2020 Lapton Lane."

"Ha!" shrieked the old man, falling over rather than bending over the table, and making a furious dive for the volume which contained such precious words for him.

"Ha, ha! Joseph Holbrooke! Yes, yes, I had forgotten. Ah, God! my memory is fading, fading. Why could I not remember? Joseph Holbrooke—Joseph—ah, ha! My, my, dear Doctor, how can I thank you; and now—now let me have Carrie; please let me have Carrie, my dear daughter. Sixteen years ago she left me; she abandoned me sixteen long years ago. Holbrooke is her husband's name. 'Holbrooke—Holbrooke!'"

Enderly, as quietly as before, waving him by a slow menace of his hand into his seat, as if his patient had been some docile animal, returned:

"Well, this directory is a good book, inasmuch as it has chanced upon a lost treasure, and that lost treasure is the name of your daughter's husband. Now, I will try and see her to-day if I can, and if not, to-morrow, and then I will let you know. And now, Mr. Winthrop, I can do nothing more for you to-day," (the Doctor gave a glance at his watch,) "but I may have news for you to-morrow. You see I am very busy now. There is the bell. More patients. You must excuse any further interview, Mr. Winthrop, but depend upon it, I will do my best and let you know."

"You will see her!" fairly shouted the old man.

"Yes."

"Give me her address," cried the old man, making a clutch at the directory on the table.

"No, no! I will see her and then you may be sure you will see her too. But leave me to manage that."

"Give me her address, I say, Doctor! I must and will see her!" cried Winthrop wildly.

"Do not get excited, Mr. Winthrop. You shall see her, but I must find her first."

"Find her? Ha! Haven't you found her? Haven't you her address there?"

"I think I have, but I may be wrong. There may be many more persons of the same name as her husband, and I may get into wrong quarters. So you see I had better see her, and then let you know, so that we can understand, both of us, how to act in the future respecting this unfortunate business."

At these words the old man's demeanor changed. He grew thoughtful. There was a cunning look in his face, and he arose abruptly and staggered toward the door. The Doctor saw that he was excited by some new motive but he could not guess what it was. The old man seemed eager to go. He fumbled at the knob of the door and at last opened it, and Enderly, who really had to see a patient at that moment, was not sorry to see his ancient questioner making this move.

"I will see you in the morning," said Enderly, making no attempt to stop his aged patient's exit.

"Yes, yes; and in the meantime I must remember that name Holbrooke, Holbrooke, Holbrooke—my dear daughter's married name. I must never forget it—never, never, never."

And he made his departure through the reception room, and was the cause of much scanning on the part of the assembled patients there. Enderly followed him to the door, wondering at his abrupt exit, and thinking to himself that a sudden acquiescence had really come upon the old fellow at last.

"He is a perplexing mystery," said the Doctor, as he saw him hobble down the street. "I wonder what he is about now? Some new freak perhaps. I will go see this Holbrooke woman this afternoon and clear up this mystery and be done with it. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, looking after the retreating Winthrop, "he's gone into the drug store at the corner. I hope he doesn't meditate laudanum. I'll see to that right away!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE habit crack shooters are falling into of firing at glass globes instead of pigeons or a target, would scare some people with the idea that the bottle and tumbler supply might run short, if they were not supported by the consolation that if the worst comes to the worst they can drink out of the bung-hole.

INJURE not another's reputation or business.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The display of exquisite novelties in dress materials, trimmings and the endless variety of charming accessories or ornaments to dress, seems to increase every day, and when an additional temptation is added by the cheapness of prices, it is indeed difficult to resist purchasing something which will be a becoming addition to one's wardrobe. The spring and summer seasons are full of occasions when every fantasy of dress is considered appropriate, and much wider scope is given to the use of bright colors and elaborate trimming, which at other times would be avoided. We adopt lighter colors for street costumes as well as house dresses, to which we add the toilettes of white organdies, and morning costumes of gay colored percale and gingham or white cambric, all of which have their elaborate garniture of embroidery and lace, mingled with bright colored ribbons.

The floral garnitures for bonnets are unusually attractive this year, and the small crownless frame which is used for a bonnet with a full wreath of flowers as a trimming, allows many more flowers on one bonnet than good taste permits on others.

A full wreath of handsome flowers with leaves, intended for this style, costs from $2 up to $10; a very pretty and effective wreath for a straw bonnet is from $2.50 or $3 up to $5. Shaded roses are always popular, and also roses which, shading from the palest pink, include all the pink and red shades to the deepest and darkest crimson. Another variety very much admired is composed of soft crush roses in different tints, and no leaves; white tulle is generally added to this trimming, with very becoming effect.

The yellow tints have not lost their popularity; so we see wreaths of small and large Marguerites, with a pale greenish yellow tint, mingled with yellowish grasses, seeds and moss.

A very distingue bonnet may be of black lace with a soft crown. In the front a large Alsatian bow of cardinal satin ribbon, about four inches wide, is fastened by two large gold pins with ball heads and pendants; a row of small gilt beads are wired on all around the edge of the bonnet. Another of black lace may be covered plain on the frame with plain black net, dotted with gilt beads. Two soft willow tips, tipped with gilt, droop over the front; a black velvet band inside is edged each side with small gold beads. Black satin ribbon forms a cluster of loops on one side. The ribbon is carried plain across the narrow cape, and fastened each side by gilt and jet pins, forms strings to be tied loosely in front.

Another very *comme il faut* style is a gray chip capote edged with tiny gray pearl beads. A gray ostrich tip droops toward the front, and a shaded gray heron's breast on one side. Two shades of gray ribbon in loops and strings complete the trimming.

In round hats there is every variety of shape, but the most popular is the English Derby, trimmed with a scarf of black or colored gauze, with stiff wings or ostrich feathers, or a shape similar to that so popular this winter, having rather a wide brim, which slightly increases at one point on one side of the front, where it is turned back toward the crown and held by the trimming. This consists of a full cluster of satin or silk ribbon loops, in which two shades are visible, while a few wings are placed here and there, or the ribbon is replaced by flowers. In either case the shape assumes the form of a bonnet when worn with the front turned up, and becomes a stylish round hat when the turned-up part is let the back, leaving the brim to droop over the face.

The favorite hat for children is of straw, either mixed red and white or blue and white. The crown is high and conical in shape, or pressed together at the top, while the brim is slightly wide and turned up all around.

The variety of breakfast caps for ladies is more charming than ever. They are worn by young and old, and are no longer considered as the insignia of the dignified matron, but have become a distinctive feature of personal ornament so becoming to all that all adopt it. Little round or square pieces of lace are covered with quilling of lace, either Valenciennes, Mirecourt, or some of the new varieties, and in the centre a large bow of wide ribbon is fastened by fancy gilt pins. A favorite style is made of the colored handkerchiefs, either those with a white centre and a colored border, or the colored silk handkerchiefs, having a plain colored centre and a contrasting border. These are coquettishly arranged with one point in the front, fastened down over a bow of ribbon; the other three points or corners of the handkerchief are carried to the back, and arranged in a box pleat, with the points hanging down over another bow of ribbon. Handkerchiefs with the edges scolloped in colored tiny bouquets of flowers in each scollop, either cardinal and dark blue or pink and pale blue, are effectively used in this way, and any of them are easily taken off the frame on which they are made, washed and then rearranged. Soft colored silk is also used with quillings of lace, in which a corner of the silk is allowed to hang down behind, and trimmed around with lace. A recent shape resembles a fisherman's cap, and is made of soft silk, either plain colors or gay stripes, with a silk tassel on the end of the conical point, which droops gracefully over the back. This is termed the Neapolitan, from its resemblance to the Neapolitan fisherman's cap.

To correspond with these fantasies for the head, there is a most charming variety of adornment for the neck and wrists. Wide bands composed of alternate rows of lace insertion and embroidery, and edged with lace each side, are sold by the yard to simulate the wide cuffs so much worn. White cambric ties have the ends embroidered in various colors to match the embroidered handkerchiefs.

In fringes the distinctive figure is lamine, a term applied because the several strands, whether of braid or silk, have been well pressed, and intended to simulate uncurled ostrich feathers; these are made either single or double, the double being intended to turn over the reverse way. Many of them are sewed on with the heading downward, which allows the fringe to fall over in a fluffy way. Some of the fringes are mingled with jet drops, and others have the silk trimmed in tufts. A galloon with a narrow lamine fringe each side, is used in a heading principally on mantles.

From trimmings we return to dress materials, in which novelties are appearing all the time. Among the new ones is all wool lace damasse in pale shades of ecru, cream and grey, which promises to be a favorite for Summer dresses. Gauzes in bright Moorish designs and colors are shown for full dress materials. One variety is termed "Koechenville," in which gold and silvery white threads form the design.

Mastic grey, or putty color, is one of the favorite shades for woollen materials this Spring.

Shoes and stockings generally receive more attention in Summer when the stockings must match the costume, and shoes with double straps and buckles over the instep replace the high walking boot. Not only stockings but shoes are made to match the costume, the tops of the shoes being of the color, and sometimes of the same material as the dress. For full dress the shoe is of satin, with the monogram embroidered on the toe. Slippers for home wear are embroidered in jet, or old gold, the strap over the instep being also embroidered. For every-day wear the low buttoned shoe is one of the most desirable.

Among the costumes recently exhibited, the following will be found desirable models:

A black silk costume is made in the Princesse style; the front is buttoned half way down, where the drapery is arranged across the front in folds; on the bottom of these folds is a wide pleating of black lace, with the same forming a heading, and a row of jet passementerie between; a row of this trimming extends up each side of the front to the shoulder, and down the back to the waist in V shape; the back of the drapery is open half way up, and trimmed on the bottom and up the opening with lace and jet; the side is then looped up over the other, which hangs plain. A narrow pleating of silk edges the front of the skirt, and two pleatings in the back.

A very effective costume of beige colored camel's hair and silk of a shade darker was made as follows: The silk skirt was trimmed with two narrow knife pleatings of camel's hair. The polonaise buttoned straight down the front about a quarter of a yard below the waist, where it opened over a full tablier of the camel's hair; wide revers of silk damasse of the two shades of brown turned back on each side of the polonaise; the sides were drawn towards the back, where the drapery combined the camel's hair and damasse looped gracefully together; the silk sleeves had damasse cuffs, and on the corsage a collar of damasse and wide revers extending to the waist.

An exquisite dinner or reception dress was composed of pale blue damasse and silk; the front is trimmed across to the sides with alternate flat box-pleated trimming of plain blue silk and rows of blue silk intermingled with pearl pendants; at the termination of each row of trimming is a cluster of blue satin ribbon loops and ends. The corsage is square, and trimmed with a narrow box-pleating of silk and crepe lisse pleatings, which also trim the elbow sleeves. The back of the skirt forms a full Princesse train trimmed with a wide blue silk box-pleating, from underneath which is visible a voluminous lace balayeuse.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Crewel work is so rapidly taking the place of the long-familiar Berlin wool embroidery on Penelope canvas, that a few suggestions and explanations relative to its use may prove acceptable to the readers of the Chat column of the Post, for I have no doubt it numbers among its readers many who are very fond of the pleasant intricacies of fancy work, and are eager to know of all the novelties which are making their appearance. Perhaps there are some who do not know what crewels are; so I will explain them. Crewels are a peculiarly strong two-threaded woolen yarn, differing materially from zephyr and other yarns in texture and twist. It is made in soft, beautiful shades of color not found in other yarns, which makes it admirably adapted for the imitation of the soft blending of natural leaves and flowers. Crewel work may be done either in a frame or in the hand; the use of the frame, however, insures better work.

The stitch used in crewel work is very old and very simple; but it is the least mechanical of all stitches used in fancy work, and much discretion is left to the worker in its practice. This freedom gives a peculiar fascination to working in long stitch, which indeed has been not inaptly termed "painting with the needle," and it matters but little what means the worker takes to produce a result, as long as it is satisfactory.

A knot being made in the worsted, it is brought from the under side of the cloth or linen to the surface, then the needle is passed back again from the upper side at about a quarter of an inch distance, more or less. It is again brought up at about half way from the first point, and carried on at about as far beyond the second.

The length of the stitches must be left entirely to the judgment of the worker, who will make them longer or shorter according to the extent of surface to be covered, the abruptness of the curves, the coarseness or fineness of the material wrought upon, and the object of the work.

A closer stitch and more solid work are required for such pieces as sofa cushions and tidies, which receive harder usage.

The stitches should be smoothly and evenly laid, and should resemble the woof of satin.

In working, the outline is to be covered first; for instance, in working the stalk of a flower, begin from the lower end first, and work on the outline until it is crossed by a leaf, or terminates in a flower; then pass the needle to the other side and work back again to the lower end; then work another line of stitches inside the outline till the stalk is filled up. Leaves that are all one color are worked in the same way, and the veins are put in last.

Variegated leaves and shaded flower petals are treated differently; though the stitch is still the same. The outer edge of color is worked first, beginning on the outline and going towards the centre. Be careful not to take all the stitches up to the inner edge of color, so that the two shades may dovetail into one another, and a sharp, hard, defined line be avoided. It is quite easy to make curves and angles in this stitch, taking care that the lines of stitches follow the direction of the fibre or grain of the object imitated in needlework. Thus, the stalk of a plant should never be worked across, as we frequently see it done, but invariably lengthwise.

Embroidery in floss silk is executed in this way, the stitches being carefully laid with the piercer; this little implement is of great use in working with floss silks; it keeps the fibres open and broad, whereas without it they would be constantly twisting. Before the silk is pulled right through the stuff, it should be passed over and spread on the flat end of the piercer.

This kind of stitch, which the French call point perdu, because its beginnings and endings should, in good embroidery, be lost and undefined, is, of course, not available for twisted silks, which require a different treatment, and point passe or satin stitch must be adopted. This consists in passing the silk from one outline to another. Those beautiful pieces of Indian and Chinese embroidery, with the right and wrong sides exactly alike, making, indeed, two right sides, are wrought in this manner. The piercer here again comes in usefully for keeping the stitches even and smooth. Sometimes it is desirable to raise certain portions of the work; this may be done with cotton, and the silk taken over the padding. This stitch is used for embroidery over cardboard, and when the pattern is to be raised a piece of string should be sewn in the centre of the cardboard, and the silk taken over it. The stitches should always be taken in a slanting direction—that is to say, they should, if possible, never run parallel to either the warp or the woof of the material.

Button-hole stitch, coral stitch, chain stitch, knot stitch, fern stitch, etc., all of which are too well known to need description, are only used in applique work, and then principally to strengthen the material that makes the pattern, and to enrich it. The French knot is used in both kinds of embroidery, and as it requires some skill, I recommend my readers to practice it first with common materials. The needle being on the right side of the stuff, you take the silk between the finger and thumb of your left hand, at a short distance from the work, with your right hand you then twist the needles round the silk, and then insert it in the stuff near to where the silk has been drawn through. The needle must then be pulled through; and the silk wound round it will form a little tube through which the whole needleful must pass and be drawn quite tight. The little tube will form the ball of a sphere, and should be as smooth and round as a bead. In working without a frame, you do this stitch somewhat differently. A small portion of the stuff is taken on the needle and before it is drawn through the thread may be twisted round it two or three times or more.

The needle is then thrust quite through the tube formed by the twisting of the silk, and when the thread it carries is also drawn through, it must be reinserted in the stuff at the point where it was first put in. French knots are used for filling up the centres of flowers.

Edging cords and gold are fastened down by fine sewing silk taken over them. When the outline is finished a hole must be made in the stuff with a stiletto, the cord cut off and the end threaded on a large round-eyed needle, taken through the stiletto hole and fastened off securely at the back.

Those who have a knowledge of drawing will find no difficulty in procuring designs suitable for crewel work, as almost any natural plant, flower, leaves or fruit, can be arranged to produce a good effect by the exercise of a little taste and skill.

In my next communication I will tell you of some of the new materials used for embroidery.—*Constant Worker and Admirer of the Dear Old Post.*

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS.

ZOE, (Chester, Pa.)—You have no alternative but to wait patiently till the gentleman makes a proposal.

ROSAY, (Erie, Pa.)—We know of no better way to make the hair grow thicker than the use of rum and castor oil.

BLOXWICH, (Somerset, N. J.)—The meaning of P. P. C. is Pour prendre congé: in English "To take leave."

LEARNER, (West, Ohio.)—Man can live without the knowledge of self. There are plenty of savage tribes which have no knowledge of it. It is useful, but not indispensable.

B. (Southwark, Phila.)—The words "Stabat Mater" are Latin, and mean literally, "A mother was standing." It applies to the Virgin standing by the cross of Jesus.

M. I. C., (Bowdoin, Centre, Me.)—The gentleman's name in your letter is no longer connected with the Posts. If you choose to send it, your story will receive attention.

H. (Barcarves, N. H.)—Unless you have a mutual friend who can obtain an introduction for you to the lady in question, we know of no legitimate mode of obtaining your wish.

SIR JOHN, (Pope, Ark.)—The "Maid of Athens," immortalized in Byron's famous song of that name, was no mere creation of the poet's fancy, but a real and existent lady, who afterwards became Mrs. Blackburn.

A. G. (Caledonia, Ver.)—English serjeants-at-law wear silk gowns on ordinary occasions and purple ones on grand. They are distinguished from Queen's counsel by a black patch on the crowns of their wigs.

A. E. (Calcasieu, La.)—Your husband seems to be treating you in a base and scandalous manner. If quiet remonstrances should fail, we should advise you not only to expose him but also to seek protection of the law.

A. P. (Nicolles, Minn.)—Your letter is worded properly and grammatically and we can give you no better advice than to study carefully the works of the best standard English authors, all of which are now easily procurable at a very cheap rate.

ANGUS, (St. Louis, Mo.)—We should think you would act in an improper manner by making the offer you speak of, and would increase the offence by continuing to press the same on the young lady's acceptance. By remaining firm she evidently means to rebuke your conduct.

W. A. (Oxford, Me.)—We can see nothing improper in a young lady's receiving a present of books from a young gentleman intimately acquainted with the family, and if offered in a friendly spirit. Such things are ordinarily done without any reference to an engagement whatever.

G. C. (White, Ill.)—The only one of the name we know of was Richard Oastler, best known as the "factory king." He was born in England in 1789, and died in 1861. He was a friend of Negro emancipation, was leader of the "ten hours' movement," and largely helped to pass the Factory Bill.

W. M. R. (Centre, Pa.)—A young lady would have just cause for indignation against her lover should he act as though he were ashamed of her, in public or on any occasion, because of her extreme youth. She should show him that she is at least old enough to maintain her own dignity, by giving him his dismissal.

X. Y. (Douglas, Oreg.)—You should undoubtedly ask permission of the nearest relatives of the lady to whom you wish to pay your addresses. You ask as whether at your age it would be proper to get married. As you actually, by your own admission, ought now to be at school, we think it would be simply madness.

C. S. (Allen, Ind.)—The dog is the only animal that dreams; and he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks; the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels ennui; the dog the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hound in Saxony that could speak 20 words.

P. (Crawford, Pa.)—After such a long period of courtship both you and the young lady in question ought to have made up your minds on the subject of matrimony. You have, however, received a refusal which completely puts a stop to any further attentions on your side, and our advice is to drop both the connection and acquaintance altogether.

CROFT, (Schuyler, N. Y.)—You are not by any means too old to resume an interrupted course of study, and if judiciously managed there can be no danger of injuring your health thereby. The frequent exercise of your powers of memory will do more to strengthen it than the use of any technical method whatever. You write a strong, bold, good hand.

BRANDER, (Nevada, Cal.)—A sounding board communicates the vibrations near it to the whole mass of air, and best when perpendicular, to the vibrations. A sounding board placed near an instrument or an orchestra and connected by a metallic wire with a sounding board in a distant apartment, will convey every tone in miniature like the figure of a landscape in the focus of a lens.

T. R. (Cameron, N. Y.)—We think it is not right for the principal of a boarding-school to open a pupil's letters; and it seems to us that no honorable man or woman would do such a thing. If a principal suppress any evil may come from a pupil's correspondence, he should send the letters to the scholar's parents, and let them take such measures in the case as they might deem best.

S. C. B. (Olathe, Kan.)—If you have ever read what are known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecies" you may see for yourself how far modern events have verified them. She certainly seems to have foreseen many of the later developments of science and discovery, but to believe that she was gifted with prophetic powers in the Biblical sense would be absurd. We may shortly publish a story by one of the authors you mention.

PICKLE MAMA, (Linn, Mo.)—Do not decide hastily on accepting either suitor. You are evidently too young and giddy to think of marriage for the present. But you have naturally good sense, because you see and acknowledge your own little foibles; therefore try to correct them before you enter the marriage state. Follow our advice, and in two or three years' time you will sincerely thank us; neglect it, and you will bitterly repent.

E. A. (Germantown, Pa.)—The love of dress was the preparatory step to the cultivation of the feelings which diffused tenderness and refinement throughout the whole structure of society. It placed a barrier between the progressive classes of mankind and barbarism. By serving to develope in man a delicacy of taste, it must have imparted a purity to his habits that sensibly led him from the ardent a devotion to the materialities of life into those regions of reflection and taste in which his mind found ample room for expansion.

WILL, (Crawford, Wis.)—The bad effects of neglected exercise are apparent in those persons leading a sedentary life; they invariably have a pallid, discolored skin, headache, depressed spirits, and general irregularity throughout the system. Pure air is certainly the most effectual means of strengthening and preserving life; whilst confined air is its most deadly poison. Household duties, therefore, cannot be considered an exercise for females, which requires the principal attribute—fresh air—they are often irksome and generally anxious.

DISSATISFIED, (Rice, Kans.)—You will act unwisely in leaving your present business for one of which you know little or nothing. A departure from regular business is a personal matter that frequently results in failure. Men become dissatisfied with the slow gains of the calling with which they are acquainted, and suffer themselves to be enticed from it by stories of fortunes which have been acquired in other pursuits. There is scarcely a business that can be named in which all have failed; and those who make the success of others their plea for change, may spend their lives in changing their plans.

EASTHAM, (Plymouth, Mass.)—It is a stupid and miserable superstition to denounce actors as wicked people and the stage as a scene of gross immorality. There are good and bad persons in all spheres; and so it is with the dramatic world. A youth who is short of stature, and who wishes to accelerate his growth, should practice gymnastic exercises and be as much as possible out in the fresh air. He should rise very early and go to bed early; he should avoid tobacco and spirits and drink moderately of porter or stout, but no ale; and he should live on generous but simple food.

ALPHA, (Allegan, Mich.)—The chronology of the Popes in the first century is exceedingly obscure. Pope—the Latin equivalent of Pope—was originally used by all Bishops. From only about the fifth century was the title reserved for the Bishops of Rome, but it was several centuries later before the wider application was got rid of. St. Peter is said to have been the first Bishop of Rome. Whether St. Linus or St. Clement succeeded him is a mooted point. The dates and successions of the first Bishops are not at all clear, and the best authorities are in anything but accord. St. Hyginus—A. D. 138—called himself Pope.

R. L. (Mason, Ky.)—The peers of England possess some inherent and peculiar privileges. They enjoy immunity of arrest for debt at all times, and cannot be outlawed for any civil process. They possess the right of demanding audiences individually of the sovereign at all times. They affirm upon their honor, instead of—like other men—upon their oaths. They can swear witnesses at their bar, and can themselves be tried before no other tribunal. Greater far than all, they are supposed to be so imbued with inherent and ubiquitous wisdom as to possess the privilege and the power of deciding on the merits of a question in its absence and voting by proxy; they likewise enjoy the right of sitting with their hats corked in any court of justice.

PICKY, (Cecil, Md.)—We think that you are pursuing a wrong course, judging from your own statement of the case. No woman, and especially no wife, should ever be controlled by force, whether directly or indirectly applied. We are inclined to the opinion that, where family contentions arise, gentleness is the most powerful means of harmonizing them and bringing all parties to reason. Let a man exhibit proper dignity, self-control and goodness, and there are but few women who would be apt long to trouble him with unreasonable obstinacy and vexatious contentions. As for giving direct advice in your case, such a thing is impossible. If you, who know all about the particulars, cannot decide what your course should be, how can you expect a stranger to do so.

A. S. (Cumberland, Md.)—We have frequently stated that smoking to excess is decidedly unhealthy and should be avoided altogether by persons of weak chests. Some medical men have been of the opinion that the smoke inhaled by an inordinate smoker adheres in the form of soot to the brain. But the opinion is an exploded one, though it was held by some very eminent physicians a century or more ago, about and subsequent to the time when King James wrote his celebrated "Counter-blast against Tobacco." Thevenous states that a court physician, not contented with smoking all day, would have a lamp with wax candles and pipes suspended to his bed. Dying a year afterwards, and his brain being opened, "wonderful to relate," the whole brain was so dried that it scarcely exceeded the magnitude of a nut. Parvious mentions the dissection of a strong and healthy young man whose brain was tinged with a black smut. He accounted for the fact when he found the man had been a confirmed tobacco smoker. Mention is made of a military man aged 72, who had been addicted to tobacco since his childhood. He smoked and chewed incessantly. On dissection Kentius found adhering to the cranium a dense substance resembling chimney soot in appearance and consistency. All this mischief was attributed to tobacco.